

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## SONG.

O GIN I were a sodger lad, a blithe lad I  
would be,  
Or if a sailor I'd been bred, right weel I'd  
like the sea ;  
But oh ! this weary wark in toun, it is nae  
wark for men —  
I canna thole the three-legged stool, I canna  
bide the pen.

My faither is a country chield, he ca's the  
cairt and pleugh,  
He labors baith in farm and field, as I full  
fain would do ;  
Abune his head the lavrock sings, the caller  
air blaws free,  
But he is auld, his heart's grown cauld, and  
little heed takes he.

It's little pleasure folk can win when once  
they're auld and dune,  
And siller comes but slowly in, it's lang or  
fortune's won ;  
For wealth comes but wi' toil and care, and  
care sune turns us grey ;  
Then haste ye, lads, to do and dare, and  
taste life while ye may !

Longman's Magazine.      ANDREW LANG.

## RENOUNCEMENT.

I MUST not think of thee ; and tired yet  
strong,  
I shun the thought that lurks in all de-  
light —  
The thought of thee—and in the blue  
Heaven's height,  
And in the sweetest passage of a song.  
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that  
throng  
This breast, the thought of thee waits,  
hidden yet bright ;  
But it must never, never come in sight ;  
I must stop short of thee the whole day  
long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult  
day,  
When night gives pause to the long watch  
I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose  
apart,  
Must doff my will as raiment laid away, —  
With the first dream that comes with the  
first sleep  
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

ALICE MEYNELL.

## FIRSTLINGS.

THE joy of babes who see the primrose  
dart  
Its first sweet rays o'er banks where  
Winter lies ;  
The joy of those who under alien skies  
Behold strange lands from distant waters  
start,  
And shores unknown drive sky and sea  
apart ;  
All joys were mine of all discoveries  
When through my fitful April shone  
thine eyes :  
First friendship is the primrose of the  
heart.

O lady mine ! the birds have ceased to  
sing,  
The crops are garnered now ; along the  
path  
Decay waves sallow arms o'er Autumn  
lands.  
But in those fields where first we clasped  
hands  
Thy face still smiles amid the after-  
math,  
And cheats my fancy with a dream of  
Spring.

Murray's Magazine.

E. S.

## STARLIGHT.

Now when the day has quenched its linger-  
ing light,  
The palpitating myriads of space  
Throb, glow, and burn, that finite man  
may trace  
The plan of the Almighty in the night.  
A charm, begotten of the infinite,  
Breathes o'er the listening land ; the lone  
lake's face  
Glistens with beauty as the heavens dis-  
place  
Its native gloom and flood it with delight.

The woods stand tranced in stillness ; one  
ripe leaf  
Filters adown the sky through branches  
bare,  
That hang the only witnesses of grief  
For vanished summer and the days that  
were.  
Save for the salmon's sudden splash, the  
stream  
Glides still and songless in a magic dream,  
THOMAS EDWARDS.

Chambers' Journal.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NOTES ON SCOTTISH MEDICINE IN THE  
DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

EVERYTHING is of interest to Scottish people, and indeed to many of other lands, that throws additional light upon the history of the career and times of Mary Stuart. Her career fascinates; and every fact in it has been amply discussed from many points of view. Her times were among the most important that our country has known. The days of Columba were great; those of Queen Margaret and the first David were of no little importance; those of the heroic struggle against English aggression have always thrilled the heart of Scotland and the world,—but for fascination, none can compare with those of Mary. Her own great personality, with its perplexing problems—those of Knox and Moray, and Darnley and Bothwell—of Maitland of Lethington, of Morton, of the Hamiltons, and among them, above all, the vigorous-minded John, Archbishop of St. Andrews—with Glencairn, Argyle, Huntly, Ruthven, and Rizzio—with Elizabeth and her great minister Cecil, and her astute representative at the Scottish court, Randolph—with Catherine de Medicis, the Duke of Guise, the Cardinal Lorraine—with Philip of Spain, and Alva, and many more,—crowd the stage, and make the period attractive beyond any other historical epoch. It may be interesting, both to medical men and to readers in general, to gather up some of the medical facts which are to be discovered among the records of the great political events of the day.

Some may ask what we can really get to know of medical matters in that period, but it is surprising how many points of interest emerge when one is on the lookout for them. We rely not so much upon stated medical works as upon incidental references. But every here and there references do occur, and I have gathered a few of them, and shall here present them in groups. First, I shall give a short account of various illnesses from which Queen Mary herself and some of her contem-

poraries suffered; second, I shall say something of the careers of some of the medical men who treated these cases; and third, I shall select an illustration or two of the observations they made, the theories which they held as to the nature of the morbid processes which came under their observation, and the lines of treatment which they adopted.

The first illness that befell Queen Mary, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was not in her childish days when she played at Linlithgow or at Inchmahome, nor in the days of her girlish study, or young married life in France, but when the first cloud of sorrow had broken over her, and she had seen her father-in-law and her youthful husband die, and when her own mother had passed away. Rather reluctantly she had decided to return to Scotland, and was making her way thither when she was taken by fever, evidently an *ague* of a tertian type, from which she suffered for some time, and which led to a delay of her return.

Two years later she suffered, towards the end of November, 1562, an attack of what I think every one will agree must have been influenza. Thomas Randolph or Randall, who was one of the most zealous and able of Queen Elizabeth's agents, and was long employed in Scotland in that capacity, writes to Cecil:—

May it please your honor, immediately upon the queen's arrival here she fell acquainted with a new disease that is common in this town, called here the New Acquaintance, which passed through her whole Court, neither sparing lord, lady, nor damoiselle—not so much as either French or English. It is a pain in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomachs, with a great cough that remaineth with some longer, with others shorter time, as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease. The queen kept her bed six days: there was no appearance of danger, nor many that die of the disease except some old folks. My Lord of Murray is now presently in it, the Lord of Liddington hath had it, and I am ashamed to say that I have been free of it, seeing it seeketh acquaint-

ance at all men's hands. By reason of these occasions I have not seen her Grace since she came to town.

It can scarcely be doubted that this disease was influenza. It had appeared suddenly; it was common in the town; it passed through the whole court, sparing neither lord, lady, nor damoiselle, and affecting alike the Scots, English, and French. It was characterized by a pain in the head, by soreness in the stomach, and by cough. And it lasted longer or shorter time, according to the constitution of the individual patient. In the queen's case it lasted six days. It was unattended by danger, for few died of it except old folks. Our ancestors seem to have been as much impressed with the novelty of the malady as others have been in more recent times, and the name they gave it—the New Acquaintance—is as suggestive as the name of influenza, by which it has come to be known in modern days. It is interesting to notice how this courtier misses his opportunity of basking in the smiles of royalty, and feels a polite regret that he has not been able in this particular to be entirely in the fashion.

I have not heard of any other illness till those interesting days when Queen Mary had taken up her quarters in those apartments in the Castle with which we are familiar, and was looking forward to the birth of her son. Richard Bannatyne, who belonged to the household of our great reformer, states, under date of July 3, 1571, that

Andro Lundie beand at dener with my maister, in a place of the lard of Abbott-halls, called Falsyde, openlie affirmet for treuth, that when the quene was lying in feasing of the king, the Ladie Athole, lying thair lykwayis, bayth within the castell of Elinburgh, that he come thair for sum busines, and called for the Ladie Reirres, whome he fand in hir chalmer, lying bed-fast, and he asking hir of hir disease, scho ans writ that scho was never so trubled with no barne that ever scho bair, ffor the Ladie Athole had cassin all the pyne of her child-birth vpon hir.

Now it was well known at that time that the Countess of Athole possessed power

as a witch, and as such was able to transfer the pains of labor to another—sometimes to a woman, or sometimes even to the husband, sometimes to a cat or a dog; and if Andrew Lundie's information was correct, she had obliged the queen on this occasion by transferring her pains to one of her court ladies. Chloroform is a great improvement upon this method.

Queen Mary seems to have made a good recovery, for within three months we find her able to do things that few now could achieve.

One of the most curious of all the illnesses which befell Queen Mary was that which happened in Jedburgh in the end of October, 1566. She had given birth to her son in Edinburgh Castle on the 19th June, and in October was so well as to be able to hold "justice airs," or circuit courts, in some of the Border towns. She reached Jedburgh on the 9th of October. Various matters of business were transacted during the following week. On the 15th, Le Croc, the French ambassador, arrived, and on the 16th, Mary made her famous ride to Hermitage Castle in order to visit the Earl of Bothwell, her lieutenant of the Marches. The distance is twenty-three miles in a direct line, and she showed her vigor by riding on horseback there and back in a single day, a distance in all which must have been at least sixty miles. The mere bodily fatigue involved in such an expedition was enough to induce illness; but if mental emotion of the keenest kind be superadded, we may well conceive how much the danger was increased.

Some authorities are of opinion that with that kindness of heart which was one of the leading features of the beautiful queen, she hastened as soon as her official duties permitted to pay a visit of sympathy to her wounded lieutenant. Bothwell was among the foremost of her nobles. He was seven years her senior, and, like her, had lived much abroad. He was familiar with Italy, and especially with Venice, and, like every leading Scotsman of his day, knew France well, and was well known



to its statesmen. He held sway over great territories of the Borderland. From his castle at Dunbar to that of Hailes, close by East Linton, on to Borthwick and thence along to Hermitage, the country was studded with fortresses of which he was master, and in her service this great noble had been wounded. What, say many, was more natural and more characteristic than that this gracious queen should pay him a visit of sympathy and condolence?

But others, reading the history by the light of subsequent events, aver that the queen's heart was already touched, and that, wife and mother though she was, love had sprung up for this strong, able, and accomplished man who was destined to wreck her fame. They point out how the weak, vain, vicious Darnley, on whom she had lavished her wealth of love some eighteen months before, had become hateful to her, and assert that tokens are not wanting that Bothwell had taken the place of which Darnley had proved unworthy. They picture to themselves the struggle between duty and passion, and represent the queen as having at last yielded to the dictates of her feelings—given the rein to folly, and galloped off, regardless of appearances and of every other deterring consideration. If this view be correct, we can well understand what share the tumultuous emotions of that day might have had in the production of her illness.

With regard to the illness itself we have the record in considerable detail. On the 17th, the day after her famous ride, she was taken ill. The "*Diurnal of Occurrents*" says she was so heavily vexed with hot fevers that no one thought she would live. The illness set in with severe pain in the side, and confined her to bed. As it was referred to the spleen, we may infer it was in the left side. It was attended by very severe and often repeated vomiting. Nau says she vomited more than sixty times; this gave rise to a suspicion of poisoning, and some writers have plainly said not only that poisoning had occurred, but that it was the work of

the queen's brother, the Earl of Moray; and Nau roundly asserts that when things were at their worst that nobleman laid hands on her most precious articles, such as her silver plate and jewels. Her condition was considered so hopeless that mourning dresses were ordered and arrangements were made for the funeral; some even declared that she was actually dead. On one occasion she lost the power of speech and had a severe fit of convulsions; all her limbs were drawn together, her face was distorted, and her whole body became cold. Her surgeon, Arnault, however, refused to believe her dead, having perceived some tokens of life in her arms, and he adopted what is justly described as an extreme remedy in her extreme case. He bandaged very tightly her great toes and her legs, from the ankles upwards, and her arms; and he opened her mouth by force and poured some wine into it. When she had recovered a little, he administered other remedies, and pronounced the results produced by them to be very suspicious; but under this treatment she improved. One day during her illness she called together the lords that were in attendance upon her, and reminded them of the importance of their mutual union and agreement for the good of the country and the safety of her son. She specially recommended him to their care, and to that of the king of France. She caused prayers to be read, and disposed of herself as one near to death.

We have various accounts of the events of these anxious days, and it appears that although she was never in such extreme danger, yet she had for a week recurrences of vomitings and of nervous seizures; and even after she had sufficiently recovered to make her way to Edinburgh by Teviotdale and Berwickshire, she vomited a quantity of corrupt blood, and then seemed to convalesce decidedly.

All the narratives leave us in some doubt as to the details of this formidable illness, but certain of its features are unmistakably portrayed. She undoubtedly had hematemesis, but its

cause is not so clear. Six years before she had suffered from tertian ague, and the spleen might have been permanently enlarged in consequence; but this would not explain such a hemorrhage. The hypothesis of irritant poisoning seems to have suggested itself almost of necessity in every case of sudden death in those days, and one cannot wonder, considering the symptoms of this illness, that it was suspected here; but what irritant poison is there which could lead to such hæmatemesis and not prove fatal? I do not believe that such a poison exists. Even if it were referable to poisoning, I should reject as utterly groundless the suspicion against the Earl of Moray which finds favor in certain quarters. But what was the cause of her unconscious attacks, her blindness, her violent convulsions? They could not result from organic disease, for they soon and completely disappeared; they were therefore clearly functional, and certainly referable to the category of hysterical complaints. And who that knows hysteria can wonder that a young woman, not three months after her confinement, whose heart was broken at the thought of her miserable folly in marrying a man so utterly beneath her and unworthy of her in every respect; who had during her pregnancy seen her faithful servant dragged from her supper-table to be murdered in an adjoining room; who had ridden for sixty miles in one day to see a favored nobleman; who was striving with all her might to re-establish the old religion in which she believed, and undo the work of her people in the direction of Reformation; and perhaps who felt in her heart the tumult of rising passion for him whose bedside she visited, — who can wonder that with these conditions and the exhaustion due to hæmatemesis together, her nervous system broke down, and she took hysteria?

I find no sufficient evidence in support of vague stories about illnesses, and utterly reject the rumor of the birth of a child in Lochleven Castle. Her system must have been tremendously

tried by the events of her escape, by the hasty ride to Niddry Tower and to Hamilton, and still more by the miserable and lonely gallop over the moorland hills of Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire that followed the hopeless defeat at Langside; but I find no authentic account of failing health till March, 1569, when Shrewsbury writes to Cecil: "She hath complained this fortnight of the grief of the spleen, which my physician, Leveret, informeth me is 'obstructio splenis cum flatu hyponcondrico,' wherewith by times . . . she is ready to swoon." A month later her health was evidently suffering on account of her perplexities and anxieties. On Tuesday, May 10, she had an attack which she described both to the Bishop of Ross and to the French ambassador as being similar to the one which nearly proved fatal at Jedburgh. Shrewsbury, writing to Cecil about that attack, says: "This queen, on receipt of pills by her physician for ease of her spleen, became very sick, and swooned divers times vehemently, so as they were driven to give her to drink aqua vitæ in good quantity, but she escaped the danger. Her body remains yet very much distempered. Her recovery was as sudden as her attack, and she had various convulsions." Here, again, it is clear that she had a recurrence of her nervous and hysterical symptoms. She was seen by Dr. Francis and by Drs. Atslowe and Gopd.

In the long years of her captivity the queen seems often to have suffered from rheumatic and gouty complaints, and asked permission of Elizabeth to visit Buxton for their relief. This was refused. In the summer of 1573 the English authorities were again hard pressed by Mary herself and by the French ambassador, and the Earl of Shrewsbury reported that she was complaining of a hardness in her side. This hardness may have been an enlarged spleen due to her old malarious disease; and Lord Burleigh, after a good deal of delay, was intrusted by Elizabeth with the duty of telling Shrewsbury that he might go with Mary to Buxton. About August 21

the party left Chatsworth, and they seem to have spent at the utmost five weeks at Buxton. Buxton Wells had been known to the Romans, and had been used by them during the Roman occupation of our island, but had fallen into neglect. Just about Mary's time they were again coming into favor. A certain Dr. Jones was the fashionable physician of the place, and wrote about its merits. He recommended not only the baths but regular exercises: for gentlemen, bowling, butts, and tossing the windball; for ladies, a kind of game which consisted in trolling bowls of lead or other material into a set of holes made in the end of a bench or otherwise. I have seen on the floor of the room in Linlithgow Palace in which Mary as a child used to play, a set of holes, each about the size of a wine-glass, and evidently intended for some game—very possibly this same one that Dr. Jones was in the habit of recommending his lady patients to play at Buxton. She took her baths, and, according to tradition, explored some of the places of interest, and particularly the caverns in the neighborhood. She derived some relief, and said that if she had had a better season of year and more time she would have got more good. She was frequently suffering from rheumatic, gouty, and other complaints in the years which followed, and in 1580 she again visited Buxton and took the baths regularly. About this time again there was an outbreak of influenza, but Mary seems to have escaped.

In 1582 two eminent physicians, Dr. Smith and Dr. Barronsdale, were sent to treat the queen, and they again recommended Buxton. She went on the 13th of June, and stayed there some weeks. In 1584 Shrewsbury reports that she had been much crippled in her hand, and after another visit to Buxton she herself writes: "It is incredible how this cure has soothed my nerves, and dried my body of the phlegmatic humors with which, by reason of feeble health, it was so abundantly filled." She probably remained there for a month or six weeks that season, and

when she left it she seems to have said farewell with special sadness; for she wrote with a diamond, upon a window-pane, the words:—

Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebraris nomine  
Lymphæ,  
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, Vale.

A few years more, and she was freed forever from the trials of bodily sickness.

Many illnesses are recorded as occurring among Mary's contemporaries, and one might be glad to know details of fevers from which Queen Elizabeth suffered. What was the particular lesion, which was called an aposthume (an old name for abscess), and which came on so suddenly when Mary's first husband, King Francis, was hearing mass one day? Was it really a cerebral abscess, or was it thrombosis of the sinus, or was it a septic meningitis that followed upon his disease of the mastoid cells—his rotten ear, as the plain-spoken historians of the day called it? One would like to know the nature of the temporary paralysis with aphasia from which John Knox suffered so suddenly; of that chronic spinal malady which so long beset the acute and masterful Maitland of Lethington; whether it was Bright's disease, or a cardiac trouble, or a tumor, of which Mary of Guise died in Edinburgh Castle; of the kind of insanity which seized the Earl of Arran in St. Andrews, and led to his being brought to Edinburgh in the queen's coach, guarded by thirty-three attendants on horseback, and accompanied by Bothwell, and one of his kinsfolk, the Hamiltons. But for this incident we should scarcely have known that the queen possessed a coach, or that the country possessed roads along which a coach could travel. One would like to know particulars of the strange malady which simultaneously affected almost all the Scottish commissioners who had been sent to France on the occasion of the marriage of Mary to the dauphin. It proved fatal to Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney, the first man who left money to found the University

of Edinburgh, the Earls of Rothes, Cassilis, and others, and made James Stuart, the prior of St. Andrews, Pittenweem, and Maçon, so ill that he was never the same man again. It came on after a banquet, and just after the refusal of the crown matrimonial. Was it not due to poison? One would like to know what were really the two maladies from which Lord Ruthven was suffering when he rose from his bed and got on his armor with difficulty, and almost staggered up the secret stair, as he made his way to Mary's apartment in Holyrood to murder Rizzio. He tells us that he was forty-six years old, and had two infirmities — the one called the inflammation of the liver, the other the consumption of the reins and kidneys — and that they had kept him bedfast for three months. He had been attended by the queen's French doctor, and by Dr. Preston, and by Thomas Thomson, apothecary. He died of his illness at Newcastle on the 13th of May, 1566. One would like to know what exactly was the matter with Daruley when he left Stirling immediately after the baptism of his son, at which he had not appeared. It is often said to have been small-pox, but at no stage of its course did its features correspond with that malady. Poisoning is suggested by some; but though the vomiting might well have resulted from that, the blotches could scarcely be so explained. Into other suggestions which have afforded material for ingenious discussion I shall not at present enter; but shall remark in passing, that the evidence which connects with his name a skull in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England is in my judgment utterly futile.

There is one case regarding which we have wonderfully precise information. John Hamilton, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, was the half-brother of the unstable Duke of Hamilton, who had been regent in Mary's early days, and who swayed about in a weak way from side to side, ultimately accepting the title of Duke of Chatelherault, and relinquishing his regency into the firmer hands of Mary of Guise, the mother of

the young queen. His natural brother John was a man of sterner stuff, of an iron will and of unbounded energy, a zealous defender of the established faith. His first great preferment was when he was abbot of Paisley; but in 1546 he became archbishop of St. Andrews. No doubt it was due to his influence that his brother the regent abjured the faith of the Reformers in the Franciscan Church in Stirling.

The archbishop had a heavy task; for not only had he his own ecclesiastical duties to attend to, but he had to guide his brother the regent in every difficulty, and he never failed to keep a watchful eye on the interests of his own great family. His brother the duke was next heir to the throne, and the archbishop's ambition was unbounded. But his health broke down under the strain, and he became affected with asthma, the paroxysms recurring every eight days and lasting on each occasion for twenty-four hours. This malady brought him nearly to the point of death, and all the skill that was available here failed to give him any relief; so he called to his assistance one of those wandering doctors of the day, Dr. William Cassanate, a man of Spanish descent, but a native of Besançon in Burgundy, and born on the 5th of October, 1515. These were the days of horoscopes, and so we often get information as to the day and the hour at which a birth had taken place; so was it with Cassanate. I do not know where he studied; but he was a man evidently of much ability, with a keen eye to his own interests, a courtier by nature, time-serving, and much at home in the atmosphere of courts. We are told that he could change opinions as the exigencies of the day required and profit by political confusion, and he was most happy when along with his professional work he could take a part in court business and try to make the bowls run in such a way as would please his chief patrons for the time being. He was fond of the good things of this life, and he delighted in elegant company and gaiety and pleasure. He made a large income, but he

spent it lavishly ; and yet one hopes that after his years of service here, as he had only a wife and one daughter to provide for, he saved enough, notwithstanding his expensive and lavish entertainments, to make them comfortable when he found it desirable a few years later to return to Besançon and drop out of our story. It appears that some success had at first attended his treatment of the archbishop ; but soon he found that to cure him was beyond his power, and so it occurred to him to seek the advice of the greatest physician of the day, Girolamo Cardano of Milan, better known as Jerome Cardan, who was then at the height of his fame.

Accordingly, towards the end of November, 1551, some merchants brought to Dr. Cardano at Milan a letter, dated Edinburgh, 28th September of that year. It was signed by William Cassanate, physician, and goes at prodigious length into a statement of the case upon which the opinion of the great Italian was required. Dr. Cassanate begins by introducing himself as a stranger to Cardano but no stranger to his writings, and after disquisition about friendship and esteem for others, he works round to a statement of his special respect for Cardano. He is a great admirer of his writings. As yet he has read only those upon "Wisdom" and "Subtilty" and upon "Consolation." Two of these he had received when he was practising in Toulouse, from a legal friend there, who was very studious of the humaner letters. He estimates the lion by his claw, and hopes one day to make himself acquainted with all Cardano's works. He then through many pages explains his theory of the case—a subject which I shall in the mean time pass over—and finally states that his patron the archbishop is about to tear himself from the affairs of State and make his way to Paris, to which great city, the nurse of so many great philosophers, he begs that Cardano also may come, so that together they may examine the patient and devise what may be best for his cure. The case had indeed become desperate ; for whereas ten years ago,

when his Grace was thirty, the attacks came on only occasionally with symptoms in the head and spread down to the lungs, now they were almost constant and of great severity, the patient never free from expectoration of humors. If these humors were acrid, their falling back upon the lungs would induce tabes, which the Greeks called phihoe ; but as they were insipid and somewhat sweet, they did not produce this serious result. Cassanate feels sure that Paris will accord to Cardano a hearty welcome, and crown with fresh honors the man whose writings have already at their hands received a worshipful reception.

For whatever time you wish to occupy upon the journey, whatever escort you would have, or charge you would be at, take the necessary money from the hands of him who will deliver this letter. If the season and your health permit, and you are willing, means shall not be wanting, and you shall receive safe-conducts from the various princes through whose territories you will pass, and the public faith of each country will be pledged for your safety. Besides all this, you are dealing with a humane and most liberal prince, who will deal generously with you.

If it be impossible for you to come, you are intreated to give a written opinion and suggestions ; but if possible come as far as Lyons, and there you will be met and the case more fully explained.

There must have been a good deal of excitement in the household of Cardano during the weeks which followed the receipt of this letter. An adventurous affair it was for a physician to leave his own country for so long a time, and wander into regions so distant. How much greater it would have been, could they have realized that not to Lyons merely, but to the remote capital of Scotland the journey should extend ! But Cardano resolved to go, and on the 21st of February, 1552, he started for Lyons by way of Domo Dossola and the Simplon Pass. He came down past Sion, he looked upon its castellated heights, he passed the castle of Chillon, probably little different from what we see it to-day, and so on to Geneva, where the doings of Calvin would



doubtless interest him, and at length on to Lyons, where he expected the Scottish representative; but for eight-and-thirty days he waited in vain. Patients were flocking to him, and he was busy enough — great nobles and soldiers, wealthy citizens and poor people, crowded to him for help.

At length Cassanate arrived with a letter from the archbishop himself, stating that it was impossible for him to leave Scotland at the time, the fact being probably that the archbishop was afraid to leave his more facile brother, for fear that he would let power slip away from between his fingers when the strong man was absent; so he begs Cardano to continue his journey on to Scotland. He arranges for the costs and for the comforts of his journey, and closes his letter in words like these: "Farewell, most learned Cardanus, and visit our lares, to find us not so much of Scythians as you perhaps suppose." The letter was dated from Edinburgh, 4th February, 1552. So Cardano agreed, and using as much as possible the water-way of the Loire, arrived in Paris, and there, like many another before his day and since, he had a grand time of it.

One would give a good deal to know the details of a little dinner-party, consisting of Dr. Cardano from Milan, Dr. Cassanate from Edinburgh, and two of the heads of the profession in Paris; Jacques de la Boe, who, according to the custom of the time, was known as Sylvius; and Jean Fernel, who was spoken of as Pharnelius. These four met together at dinner to discuss the nature and the treatment of the case of the archbishop. Sylvius was professor of anatomy in Paris, and Cardano describes him as a merry little man of seventy, quite bald, and full of jokes; and besides a great many practical suggestions with regard to the archbishop's case, he took the opportunity of doing his best to enlist Cardano in the ranks of those who were opposing and persecuting Vesalius, whom he declared to be a most unworthy man, and an impious confuter of the works of Galen. Pharnelius, like many other

physicians of those days, was much addicted to philosophy and mathematics; but having taken to medicine, he speedily attained a great practice. Henry II. as dauphin, and afterwards as king, was his constant friend. Among the most grateful of his patients was Catherine de Medicis, who believed that his skill had saved her from a state of childlessness, and gave him on the birth of her first-born ten thousand dollars, ordering that a like sum should be paid to him at the birth of each succeeding son or daughter. I think that Cardano liked Pharnelius better than he liked Sylvius. He says he was a pale, lean man of about fifty, who loved his study, and was full of domestic affection. He was the professor of medicine in the university, and the first court physician; but he must have puzzled Cassanate greatly, for he had an undisguised contempt for court society.

Cassanate stated the facts of the case, and discussed them along with the French authorities; but Cardano was cautious, said as little as possible, and let the others bear the weight of the responsibility. They agreed upon a plan of treatment.

Cardano had a busy time enough in Paris. Patients of all kinds crowded to him, and if he did not see the youthful Scottish queen, he heard a good deal about her, and was called upon to treat one of her brothers. Which brother I do not know; but perhaps it was James Stuart, the prior of St. Andrews and Pittenweem, as well as of Maçon in France, and who afterwards was the regent of Scotland. At all events Cardano was consulted by one of Mary's brothers, and this particular brother was in Paris about that time. Soon, however, he left Paris and sailed down the Seine to Rouen, thence he passed to Boulogne and Calais, took ship for England, and reached London on the 3d of June. He rested there three days, busy enough with practice and with interviews all the time, then started for Edinburgh. It took him twenty-three days to reach the Scottish metropolis, but on the 29th June he



arrived in Edinburgh and saw his patient. He remained beside him, studying the case and watching the effects of treatment, till the middle of September, and then all too soon, as the archbishop thought, he found it necessary to return home. Happily some amelioration of symptoms had already set in. The treatment agreed upon in Paris was tried for forty days and then it was abandoned, having certainly failed; whereupon Cardano announced his discovery that Cassanate and the others were entirely wrong in their view of the case, and that really, instead of the brain being too cold and moist, as they had supposed, it was too hot. In accordance with this fundamental fact he proposed a different plan of treatment, and insisted upon many rules as to diet and hygiene, and as to the use of medicines, of which I shall have more to say later on.

I shall not trace the adventures of Cardano nor the tempting offers that were made to him by the fragile English king, Edward VI., as he passed through London, or by the friends of the beautiful young queen of Scotland as he passed through Paris, or by others great enough to enter into such a competition, that he should accept service with them. The archbishop went on pretty rigidly with his treatment, and carefully kept his promise to report progress at the end of two years; just when that time was fulfilled there stepped into Cardano's home, at Milan, Michael, the first chamberlain of the archbishop, a man whom Cardano had doubtless learned to know during his Scottish visit, and who was then on his way to Rome on some matters of business. He brought a letter from the archbishop himself, full of good news and gratitude. He thanks him for the welcome gift of books which Cardano had sent him from time to time as they were published, and also for his health, which was in great measure restored, in fact he might say for life recovered.

All these good things and this body of mine itself I hold as received from you. From the time when I had your medicines prescribed and prepared with so much art

and dexterity, the disease which is peculiar to me has made its visits with much less frequency and violence. The accustomed attacks now scarcely occur once a month, and sometimes once in two months. They are less urgent and pressing than they used to be, indeed are felt but slightly.

This was pleasant news, and accompanied by many substantial tokens of goodwill, and Michael was intrusted with the offer of large payments if Cardano could be induced to accept office as Hamilton's permanent physician. But this did not suit the views of Cardano; and Hamilton went on struggling for his Church and for his family interests through many years,—through the bright and happy early period of Mary's reign, when little disturbed him except the power of the Reformers and the suavity and liberal views of the queen, to its darker period, when Rizzio's death must have disturbed many of his plans,—through the days of Darnley and Bothwell, and the captivity in Lochleven, and the struggle of Langside, and on to the murder of the regent, in which he confessed himself to have shared the guilt, to the period when he was taken prisoner on the capture of Dumbarton Castle, was carried to Stirling for trial, and there hanged—so far as I know, the first and the last prelate in Scotland who endured such ignominy. And whatever we may think of some of his dark deeds, one cannot but shrink with horror from the mood of mind of those who fastened on his gibbet at the market-cross of Stirling, the last written words upon which his eye would fall, that fearful and oft-quoted couplet:—

*Cresee diu, felix arbor, semperque vireto  
Frondebis ut nobis talia poma ferat;*

which Froude gives in English in this fashion:—

Long may'st thou grow and thrive, thou  
bounteous tree,  
To bear for aye such fruits as this we see.

I do not know what sort of reception was accorded to Cassanate and Cardano by the profession in Edinburgh. Of course we had Edinburgh doctors in those days, and, not very long after,

the profession there could deal very vigorously with intruders; for I find that on August 1, 1593, complaint was made to the Common Council by the Corporation of Surgeons that Awin, a French surgeon, was practising the art of surgery within the liberties of Edinburgh, which being heard and considered by the Council, they decreed that the said Awin shall desist from exercising the said art within the city and liberties of Edinburgh under the pain of imprisonment, and the payment of a fine of £20 Scots for each offence other than the following branches of surgery—viz., cutting for stone, curing of ruptures, couching of cataracts, curing the pestilence, and the distemper of women occasioned by childbirth. These exceptions seem very curious, and we know that for some of them it was not unusual to seek foreign assistance. We know that about that time those who could afford it were apt to go to Paris for surgical help. In July of 1563, for example, Henry Sinclair, Bishop of Ross, took ship to France to try to get cured of confirmed calculus; and the "Diurnal of Occurrents" says that he was shorn for the stone in Paris on the 28th of September of the following year. But he died of the disease after all in Paris, in June, 1565. The Regent Morton was operated upon for hernia in Edinburgh, no doubt performed by local practitioners; and the position of the profession was such that we find that even during the wretched days when Queen Mary was just about to be married to Bothwell, on the 11th May, 1567, she found time to grant a letter "to the cunning men of the occupation and craft of chirurgions, freeing them from the duty of attending hosts and wapinschaws, and also from passing on inquests and assizes, in order that they might have the greater occasion to study the perfection of the said craft to the uttermost of their energies." In 1562, Robert Henderson, a surgeon, received from the Council of Edinburgh twenty marks in acknowledgment of services rendered, and great and uncommon cures. The cures were remarkable enough if they are correctly

recorded; for they include not only that of a person whose hands were cut off, and of a man and woman run through their body with swords, but of a woman after she was buried, and had lain two days in the grave!

Queen Mary's own physician while she resided in France had been Jacques Lusgerie (or Lugerie), and he continued to be in correspondence with her during her life in Scotland and her English captivity. He is mentioned by the queen in a letter to Catherine de Medicis, 12th March, 1565. By his advice Queen Mary "keepit a diet" before she went north on her great tour when the power of the Gordons was broken, and in May, 1571, she wrote to Beaton requesting him to send her a physician from France, with the advice of, or recommended by, Lusgerie. Very likely he may have selected, in 1579, a French physician, Duval, who was sent over to treat her for a very dry cough which attacked her in the month of June of that year.

Of Arnault, her French physician, who treated her so vigorously at Edinburgh, I have not been able to get much information; but I have a few notes regarding some of the doctors who were in attendance upon her in England.

There was William Leveret, who saw her at the instance of Lord Shrewsbury, and who practised at Newark in Nottinghamshire, and died there at the age of sixty-eight. His epitaph describes him as physician, thrice alderman, of godly life, zealous in God's religion, a benefactor to the poor, and one whose soul resteth with Jesus Christ in heaven. He was a man much trusted in his day, and Shrewsbury seems to have had confidence in him.

Dr. Thomas Francis also saw her. He was a native of Chester, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford. As early as 1551, we find him supplying the place of king's professor of physic, probably as deputy for Dr. John Warner. He was admitted fellow of the College of Physicians in 1560, and is described as "Vir probus atque doctus, et eadem Universitate (Oxon.) prolector publicus medicinæ." He was a

physician to Queen Elizabeth, and much respected by her.

Some of her doctors during the English captivity were men of Mary's own way of thinking. Leveret and Francis almost certainly were not; but Richard Smith, who was consulted in 1582 along with Dr. Barronsdale, was a zealous Catholic, had been an active opponent of the Reformation, and indeed was obliged to leave England on that account. In his later days he lived at Douay in France, and died there in 1603. Of Dr. Barronsdale's religious and political opinions I have no information; but he came to high office in the Royal College of Physicians of London, and was indeed its president for eleven years. But in the earlier years of her imprisonment Mary had various doctors in attendance. In November, 1569, she complained much of grief and pain at her side, her heart, and head; that she had alarming fits and faintness; that her color and complexion had much decayed, and she kept mostly to bed; indeed, her Jedburgh illness may be said to have recurred, though in a milder degree. At that time Dr. Thomas Francis saw her. She was also allowed to consult Dr. Edward Atslove and Dr. James Good. The facts that we know about these gentlemen are very suggestive. Dr. Atslove had been educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and was created doctor of physic, August 22, 1554. He was one of those appointed to dispute before Queen Elizabeth when she visited the university. But he was a zealous Catholic, and warmly attached to the cause of Mary Queen of Scots. He suffered imprisonment for designing means for her escape, and Thomas Morgan, writing to her, says: "I hear that Dr. Atslove was racked twice almost to death in the Tower about the Earl of Arundel and his measures and intention to depart England." Dr. James Good, also a New College man, took his degree in 1560. Whether he was racked or not I am not aware, but he certainly found his way to prison in 1573 for holding secret correspondence by letter with Mary Queen of Scots.

In the most interesting narrative of the murder of Rizzio, which was written at Berwick a few weeks after that event by Lord Ruthven, who led the party on the occasion, we learn that he was attended by the queen's French doctor, as well as by Dr. Preston and Thomas Thomson, apothecary. The queen's French doctor was probably Arnault, who had treated her in Jedburgh. Of Dr. Preston I find almost no trace, excepting that some one of his name and profession, and probably himself, is mentioned as a witness to the inventory and testament of Walter Scott of Branksome, Knight, dated Hawick, 11th April, 1594. But of Thomas Thomson, the apothecary, I learn from Mr. William Baird that the family was well known, and occupied a good position in the city and county. Two Thomsons, father and son, apothecaries, were burgesses of Edinburgh; the father married Margaret Barton of Duddingston, a granddaughter of the celebrated Robert Barton, "master skipper of the very monstrous great ship, Great Michael," and daughter of John Barton, the Laird of Overbertown of Easter and Wester Duddingston, and these lands belonged to him in right of his wife. His sons were thriving, prosperous men, with a turn for privateering engrafted on their merchandising. So that Thomson himself must have been a man of some consideration in the city.

Although I can find, by the help of Dr. John Gairdner's writings and otherwise, traces more or less interesting of several other Edinburgh practitioners of these early days, I shall mention only one — viz., the celebrated Dr. Gilbert Skene, the author of a treatise on the plague, and a famous man in his day. The late historiographer-royal for Scotland tells us in the account of the family which he prepared for the New Spalding Club, that Dr. Gilbert was the son of James Skene of Wester Corse and Ramore. He, and a brother who was also a doctor of physic, fell short of money in London on their return from France. Resolving to kill or cure wherever they came,

they were heard to say one to another: "Let us spend this that we have, and then revenge Pinkie and Flodden." He took a doctor's degree, and in 1536 was appointed mediciner or professor of medicine in King's College, Aberdeen. In 1569 he married a certain Agnes Lawson, widow of John Uddart, a burghess of Edinburgh, and in 1575 he settled in Edinburgh in practice. He became physician to James VI., and received a pension as such. His book on the plague had been published in 1569, and probably was his greatest achievement; but he lived on till the end of the century.

We have seen that many diseases prevailed in those days, some of which are common enough still, while some have happily disappeared. The great outstanding epidemic which came from time to time as a fearful scourge was the pest or the plague. The burgh records of Edinburgh show that there was a visitation of pestilence in the years 1498, 1504, 1512, 1530, 1568, 1574, 1585, 1587. It seems probable that under the name of pest they included a number of different diseases, including, besides the true Oriental plague, which has now been so long banished from our shores, probably typhus and famine fever, and perhaps other ailments as well. There were some differentiations already accomplished. There was one which was called the "wame-ill," and one which was the "land-ill," which perhaps was of the nature of dysentery. These pests or plagues were often distinctly traced to contagion, and precautions were frequently taken to prevent their spread. Thus, when John Downie arrived in Leith Roads, about 1580, with his plague-ship, he was sent over to St. Colm's Inch to ride quarantine, so as not to spread it. But in 1584, to take another example, a ship arrived at Wester Wemyss, a small port in Fife, which spread fearful havoc in Perth and other towns. In Edinburgh, at that time, the havoc was so great that James Melville says in his diary that, "On the morn we made haste, and coming to Restalrig disjeuned, and about

eleven hours, came riding in at the Watergate up through the Canongate, and rade in at the Nether Bow through the great street of Edinburgh to the West Port, in all whilk way we saw not three persons, sae that I miskenned and almost forgot that I had seen sic a town."

Ague was common in those days, and other maladies which have not yet become so rare as ague now is in our island, appear to have been very prevalent. Their modes of propagation were well enough recognized, and King James VI. showed that his mother had distinct notions of some of the ways in which certain of them might be communicated; for he says that the queen, his mother, of worthy memory, at his baptism, although he was baptized by a popish archbishop, "sent him word to forbear to use the spittle in my baptism. Her own very words were, that she would not have a priest (and the word priest was qualified by a very undesirable adjective) to spit in her child's mouth." The malady must have been fearfully prevalent throughout the whole community at this time.

I wish that I could make clear to my own mind, and to those of my readers interested in such a question, the theory of even one disease exactly as it was held by our predecessors in those days, but it is indeed difficult to accommodate one's self to their point of view. Let us take the case of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, regarding which we possess such detailed information. The facts seem clear enough. The archbishop was a man of great energy, and accustomed to overwork himself. His powers of elimination appear not to have been great, and he sought to supply the necessary force by taking in stores of food, and probably of wine, much beyond what he could use, and so he suffered from faulty chemistry, and his asthma was one of its results. He evidently used to get attacks of coryza, and they spread along the mucous tract and affected his bronchial tubes, then came the paroxysm, more or less prolonged, with all the distresses which we are accustomed to see in cases of bronchitic asthma.

Now Cassanate, looking at these facts, came to the conclusion that the archbishop's brain was of a bad temperature, being too cold and moist, and that periodically it distilled downwards into the lungs a quantity of humor which had to be discharged. Cassanate also thought that the periodicity stood in relation to certain phases of the moon. When Cardano came on the scene he soon satisfied himself that the latter idea was without foundation, and ere long he came to the conclusion that the fault lay not in the brain being too cold, but in its being too hot. He argued that if the matter which ultimately was expectorated had accumulated in the brain, as Cassanate supposed, the operation of the intellect must have been impeded, that the complexion of the archbishop would not have been so good, and the material accumulating would have been corrupted. He believed that the thin fluid discharged was partly serous humor, partly condensed vapor, which descended from the brain into the lungs, not through the cavity of the windpipe, for if so it would have been coughed out during its downward passage, but through its coats as water soaks through linen. This thin humor and vapor he supposed to be originally drawn into the brain by the increased rarity of that organ caused by undue heat. Heat makes all things rare, and rarefaction in one part of the body produces suction from another. The thick, expectorated matter was formed, Cardano thought, from the food.

In the course of his discussion he takes up many medical problems. I select one only: Why does the whole body grow hot during the attacks from which the archbishop suffers? It is because, respiration being impeded, the heart grows hot, and it being heated, the whole body is necessarily affected; and fever is revealed by these conjoined symptoms, increased heat, and greater frequency of pulse. This must suffice as an illustration of the best theories that the best physicians could propound in the century preceding the days of Harvey.

I must now briefly say something of

the ideas of the treatment which then prevailed. I would gladly describe to you the sanitary precautions—quaint, curious, and evidently dreadfully needed—which emanated from the town authorities in those days with the view of preventing the plague. I should have liked to picture the wretched community of plague-stricken folks which gathered in the tents or the huts on the Burgh Muir, with the rules as to visitors, and as to bailies of the muir, and as to doctors, and as to the dead—to recall the warnings addressed to Napier of Merchiston against his living in his tower so near the plague encampment; but all these I must pass over, and tell only what Cardano recommended by way of treatment of the archbishop, whose case we know so well.

He recommended many medicines for internal and external use, but not many that retain a place in the modern pharmacopœia. He recommended bark of Indian wood, cinnamon, caryophyllum, colocynth, camphor, cyclamen, viola, turpentine, hops, anise, senna, poppy, mustard, myrrh, wormwood, agrimony, lichen, privet, rue, raisins, hyssop, crocus, marjoram, scabious, figs, honey, and many more; and he earnestly urges the use of a remedy which he had tried himself for breathlessness, accompanied by bad cough: Take the lungs of a fox and forthwith wash it with wine and dry it in a furnace to a cinder; powder, and mix well with the yolk of an egg. Among his external remedies, one which was evidently a prime favorite was that which he applied over the sutures of the skull, and especially the coronal, and which he found a grand remedy for bringing away the humors of the brain. It was composed of Greek pitch and ship's tar, white mustard, euphorbium, and honey, sharpened, if necessary, by the addition of blister-fly.

He had unbounded faith in the efficacy of elaterium—two grains dissolved in four ounces of goat's or cow's milk and as much water; this to be drawn through the nostril when the patient was fasting. He had found—and we can well believe it—that when this



remedy was used, a very copious discharge of humor took place from the nostrils. I shall not attempt to follow him through the long series of medicines which he recommended to be used.

But it was in the shrewdness of his general directions that Cardano excelled. In medical matters he insisted on being the archbishop's master. And this was the more needful because, in the language of a poet well known in Edinburgh, the prelate was a man "whose habits required reformation." Regularity in all things was recommended; and, with a view to this, Cardano advised that his Grace should provide himself with a good clock. All the princes of Italy had them now, and found them very useful. His Grace must see to it that he got a sufficiency of sleep — seven hours at the least, and ten if possible. He must take time from his business and give it to his bed, or, if that could not be, he must take it from his studies. A good long sleep he must have every night.

Then he was never to lie on featherbeds, but on a mattress of unspun silk. If one was too hard, then he might have several mattresses below him, but no feathers. As to his pillow, it must of necessity be covered with linen rather than leather, which seems to have been the ordinary pillow-case of the period. And the pillow was not on any account to be stuffed with feathers, but with chopped straw, or if that was too hard, with sea-weed. The pillow-case might be perfumed, but not with roses, for by the scent of roses some brains are made warm.

Two points as to attitude in sleep are recommended: the hand should be laid over the stomach, and sometimes it might be well to lie upon the face; for the mouth being open then, a good deal of humor may flow out, and the system be correspondingly relieved.

One is glad to know that Cardano strongly recommended shower-baths — not that they had them constructed just as ours are; but in a well-warmed room, the head and body having been well washed with water and some alkaline lye, a quantity of cold water should

be poured over the head, beginning with a little pitcherful, but rising gradually to a big pailful, and after that he was to have a good rough-towelling.

Rubbing also seems to have been as popular as in these modern days of massage, — the legs, the arms, the body, and the head were each to have their share, and when the skin has been well rubbed, an unction with some pleasant oils, such as that of sweet almonds, was to be practised.

Exercise in the open air was earnestly enjoined. Had only Cardano known about golf he would doubtless have recommended it as earnestly as some high authorities have done of recent years, and the spread of that form of civilization from Scotland outwards might have been anticipated by three centuries. But he did recommend archery, and riding on horseback, and walking, and reading aloud, but all these things with gentleness and short of fatigue. The exercise should be kept a pleasure and not allowed to become a toil. On rainy and windy days it should be taken under shelter. And Cardano being an Italian, gave to his Scottish patient the rather unnecessary advice that he should carefully avoid exposure to the sun.

Clothing should be warm; fur if necessary at the proper seasons, but not too heavy.

The diet should be most carefully regulated. The patient should be temperate in all things — temperate even in his temperance. The diet is given in great detail; the special merits of asses' milk is discoursed upon. The very diet of the ass is prescribed, and its social comforts are to be cared for. It should live a happy life, have plenty of food, including such plants as mallow, beet, and rose-leaves — grazing in a pleasant meadow in the society of its foal, by preference a female foal. He recommends the liver-wing of a chicken, with a bit of the breast, an occasional lark, and many other dainties, among which I may mention a soup from the tortoise or the turtle, for the preparation of which loving details are supplied.



The many volumes of Cardano's writings — of which the university library possesses a choice copy, presented by George Drummond, bailie of the city, more than two hundred years ago — afford an immense field for studies and sketches. Some of them have been dealt with by Professor Henry Morley in his "Jerome Cardan;" but any one endowed with the requisite knowledge, time, and energy, might reap an abundant harvest by a systematic study of the innumerable reports of cases and personal disquisitions which adorn Cardano's pages.

I regret that I have not yet been able to link on the great and noble surgeon of France, Ambroise Paré, to the life of our Scottish queen. Perhaps some one has done so, or evidence may hereafter crop up which would bring them into relationship; but during the short time at my disposal for the preparation of the notes embodied in this paper, in fulfilment of my duty as president of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh during the current year, I have not been able to follow up many lines of inquiry which suggested themselves, and which might have afforded facts of even greater interest than those I have culled. I have thought it better to publish the address in this form, and relieved of some too professional paragraphs, rather than to let it see the light in a medical journal and in its original shape as it was delivered to the society on the 12th of April last.

T. GRAINGER STEWART.

From *The Argosy*.

LINKS AND CHAINS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF B. OULET.

WE are certainly slaves — bondsmen, fettered and tied down. Our chains hold us fast. They may be silken cords, willingly donned, or distressing ropes, only endured. They may be visible or invisible. We may kiss them, or shudder at them. All the same, they exist. I can assure you, reader, that in spite of learned treatises on freedom of thought, we cannot even

think as we will. We must rather fall in with and pursue the chain of ideas suggested originally from without. Does this offend you? It does not me. I belong not to the clankers of chains, but to their worshippers. And, believe me, I have chosen the better part.

Is it not plain how the whole world is involved? — one must either fret at everything, or at nothing. The particular instance is but a link in a chain. As one cannot attain the position of a universal world-scorner, it only follows, logically, that the patient endurance of consequences is the necessary path. This is not unpleasant philosophy, this —

"Herr Oberlieutenant —"

"Thunder and lightning! have I not forbidden you to interrupt me when I am writing?"

"But this letter, Herr Oberlieutenant, has just been brought."

"Well, lay it down, and on no pretence disturb me again."

Is it not too grievous, when a man has weighty business on his mind, and is bending over his desk, head in left hand, following out his train of ideas — the chief thing being the very capture of these ideas — and into the midst of them a stupid servant's face is thrust — no, I should not put it thus, — rather let us say, an unconscious guardsman enters, and scatters the ideas with his snarling "Herr Oberlieutenant" and his profitless letter. Even at this distance off, I see plainly it is only from my tailor, and is wholly uninteresting. Let it lie there a while, unread, while I resume my work. This work, as you will have already perceived, is a chapter on the enchainment of our life — a monstrous theme! I am about to publish a philosophical treatise thereon. The fact of my being Oberlieutenant makes no odds. On the contrary — Herr von Hartman, author of "The Philosophy of the Unknown," was in the army. Nay, it is somehow the moving spring in the matter. I have lately left the cavalry service, my uncle having died and left me possessor of this estate. I have resolved not to be

idle, to devote myself to land business, of which I know nothing, and to supplement that by literary work.

What better use could I make of this lonely country life than the composition of a celebrated book? Perhaps, besides fame, it may bring me in money; the means of, on the spot, despatching a satisfactory answer to this present tailor's letter; for — to say truth — my estate brings me in next to nothing, and my pension, as Oberlieutenant, is not a large income.

But now I have strayed from my subject, our being all slaves, and tied down. It will cost me some trouble to gather my wits and return to my chapter on chains. The simplest thing is to let alone metaphysics for the rest of the day. Herr von Hartman cannot bring his system to perfection in one twenty-four hours. Let us see what my estimable tailor has to say for himself. A closed letter always exercises a certain attraction over us. It must be opened. Amazing! I don't know this writing after all!

"Flint Castle,  
15th September.

"Frau Katharina Meier has the honor of inviting Herr Baron Ritterglas, on the evening of the 17th, to the betrothal banquet of her daughter Elsbeth with Herr Councillor Schwanberg."

A strange invitation! If I mistake not, Frau Meier is that old fossil widow of the rich sugar merchant, who has lately bought the adjoining property. I never visited them. I knew nothing of them or that there even existed an Elsbeth Meier; and so now this fair daughter of sweetness is betrothing herself. Well, I wish her joy! I must naturally accept the invitation, and tomorrow pay a visit at Flint Castle.

A betrothal! What a chain of pictures this word calls up before the mind's eye! What will come of it? and how much happened before these two hearts found each other. I ought to marry also. I am thirty years of age; of a good old stock, and a not unpleasing exterior. Heaven forgive me! I am falling into the style of

an advertisement — and — an idea! — well, why not? *Cela n'engage à rien*, and the joke will be amusing. This instant I will write and send off to the newspaper office a paragraph: —

"One desiring marriage — a young man, aged thirty, of ancient race, of not unpleasant exterior," —

But no, that sounds too vulgar! No charming woman would ever reply to it. Let us head the announcement, —

#### "GAME OF CHANCE.

"In ball-rooms, street-corners, seaside nooks, or at garden-parties, two hearts often meet, and why not in the columns of a paper? A young man, who has a title, intelligence, and wit, and who wishes for a wife, offering on her side youth, beauty, means, and *esprit*, takes, with these lines, a ticket in the great lottery of life's happiness. All letters to be addressed '*Cela n'engage à rien*,' care of Gottlieb Müller, Times Office."

"Bohnslav!" (my man is a Pole).

"Herr Oberlieutenant?"

"Take this letter to the postmaster, register, and bring me a receipt."

"I will, Herr Oberlieutenant."

"How often must I bid you say Herr Baron, and not Oberlieutenant. I am not an officer now, but a man of property."

"All right, Herr Ober — Herr Baron."

"Bohnslav!"

"Your orders, Herr Baron?"

"Have you ever seen the people who own Flint Castle?"

"Yes, Herr Oberlieutenant. There is an elegant young lady there."

"Hum! Now off with you to the post!"

The letter is gone. There is a good deal of diversion before me now; the visit; the soirée; the answers to my advertisement, and perhaps some ensuing correspondence. I only fear it will all distract me a little from the composition of my book. No one would believe what depth and concentration of thought is necessary to write a treatise. I never suspected it. I am now making my first attempt. As a pre-

liminary I have here set down some of my ideas on the entanglements of circumstances. Then shall follow my system of philosophy, and, in order to get all my thoughts well on paper (I have laid in a ream to begin with), I imagine a patient listener to whom I discourse. What I say now is just the first hasty expression of my confused meditations, intended to serve as notes for the great work. Everywhere, in the mental as in the material world, I purpose showing the principle of necessary consequences; a colossal idea! But how? Darwin has attempted something similar as regards organization of matter; but I must throw light on it from another point, from all points of view. I must trace the chain by its links, from the first atom to the solar system; as regards man from Adam to my servant Bohuslav.

He says the young lady close to me is very well-looking. Why did I not become earlier aware of that important fact? One thing annoys and unfits me sadly for this work; it is that my thoughts, in place of proceeding in regular order, take such extraordinary leaps, like young grasshoppers. If my book succeeds we must call it the "Grasshoppers' Philosophy," but only confidentially and amongst friends. In the literary world it must have its proper title, "Theory of Concatenation."

This ream of paper will last me a long time. I am now only beginning on the second sheet. Since I wrote the first, six idle days have gone by. You think perhaps I lack constancy, and belong to those men who begin all and finish nothing. I will not merit your judgment; so I sit down again, deep in my task. I go on with my theme; and, indeed in these days of self-assertion, it is interesting to observe the chains which hem us in, and well to point out proofs of their beneficial properties. What are customs, manners, laws, but chains? Only for these I might have lately said to Fraülein Elsbeth: "Most lovely of maidens, come to me and leave your Schwanberg!" She is really beautiful! I fancy her a Judith, dusky,

resolute, concealing a fire within. It must be a sweet chain indeed when she untwists her dark locks, and makes of them a silken cord to bind round the neck of her beloved.

She sat opposite me at the banquet, and her cloudy eyes met mine more than once. When this happened, ever to me came the thought, "I wish I had known you earlier."

The bridegroom elect is a neat little man of at least forty-five, and therefore *certainly* twenty years older than Elsbeth. He looks to me a man able to appreciate the possession of a large fortune. The whole match is manifestly of Mamma Meier's making. I don't understand this proud, far-seeing, energetic maiden. How could she make such a loveless choice? But it is all nothing to me. In December the wedding takes place, and I am bidden to it. The mamma was sugar-sweet, and seems to cherish a mighty respect for the Ritterglas family. When I gathered this idea, I gave myself feudal airs, and told tales of the glorious lives and alliances of our ancient-day knights.

"And you are the last of your race?" suggested Frau Meier tenderly.

"Yes, gracious lady. The house expires with me."

"How sad!" she sighed.

"Yes," quoth I, "on my coffin the old coat-of arms will be broken, the sword of my father will sink with me into the grave, and the fame of our deeds, henceforth, will live only in the annals of history."

Frau Meier seemed so near weeping here that I hastened to add, "That is if I do not leave behind me a pair of sons." If this good woman did but know that I am not so aristocratically minded, and that it is not my ambition to read my name in armorial chronicles and genealogical trees, but rather to have some such passage as follows entered in a lexicon: "Ritterglas, Emil, gentleman, philosopher, born 15th October, 1849, author of that incomparable work, 'Theory of Concatenation,' which has laid the foundation of a new school," etc., etc.

"What now, Bohuslav?"

"The post, Herr Oberlieutenant."

"Right, so it is!" The arrival of this official is a delightful sensation, specially when one gets a good consignment. What a handful of papers, and now for the letters. This time there is no mistake about my tailor; another from my old aunt, whose birthday I honored with congratulations, neither very interesting; and this packet? Oh, delightful! Gottlieb Müller has made it up—the answers to my advertisement—one, two, three—seven-and-twenty letters! all addressed, "*Cela n'engage à rien.*" Stand aside philosophy—I have now no leisure for work—I must plunge into this flood of literature.

Of all these twenty-seven letters only one has made any impression on me, and that I copy wholesale on my sheet of paper, as it certainly looks like a link in one kind of chain. The handwriting is bold, correct, neat, like that of an educated girl.

"Turning off from the dusty, commonplace street, I see a leafy lane, leading mysteriously, Heaven knows where—whether to precipices or rose-gardens, none can tell. I make one step into its attractive gloominess, perhaps two, but will certainly not go far. Still, there is a magical attraction in the unusual, the undefined; and, after all, '*Cela n'engage à rien.*' What increases the charm with me is that I feel like a prisoner, who for one hour succeeds in casting aside his chains, and going free; for I am surrounded by innumerable fetters of custom, education, position. I am not at liberty in any sense of the word; and therefore I rejoice doubly in my unexpected flight. I am also not happy. But I will tell nothing of my story. While I step into this by-way I wrap my personality in a thick veil. The recipient of these lines shall not know, or, I hope, ever learn, who the writer is. This shall be—perhaps—a fleeting union of souls. By the answer to this I will quickly learn whether I have to do with a soul at all. Address, A. L., Poste Restante, Vienna."

This letter has charmed me. It impresses me like a black silk mask, behind which gleaming eyes and pearly teeth shine. Out of those orbs a spirit looks. My fancy sees it like fire and flame. Into this leafy way, wherein my unknown has stepped, I follow her gladly. As she says herself, it may lead on into the infinite and end in a garden of roses, or, better still a Heaven of love.

"Bohnslav!"

"Herr Baron?"

"A glass of cold water."

So! and now it is time to work in earnest. Let us first get rid of all this other rubbish! It is not true that the material with which one has ever to deal is gigantic. There are the chains of circumstances, of fate, of mountains, nations, seas, climates; also of stars and suns; call these astronomy if you will; also, and lastly, of hearts, of—Love! I will divide my work into volumes, the volumes into books, the books into parts, the parts into chapters, the chapters into paragraphs—but I plan too much! And now, to hold fast by my first idea, and then pursue it into its various ramifications! It would be melancholy if a treatise, dealing with the chains wrought out of regular links, did not itself pursue an unbroken regularity. She is perhaps a married woman—and unhappily married? How shall I write to her? Shall it be thus? "You have made it difficult for me to answer you, having engaged yourself, at once, to discover if I have a soul. But what does that incomparable, indescribable thing consist in? From the days of Plato till now, men have vainly disputed about it; and yet you would have me place it for you between the lines of a little *Poste Restante* letter! As for the rest, I know quite well what you mean. I can well imagine with what carefulness one must approach your fine little soul, wrapped in its thick veil; lest, perchance, it should take wings and fly away. What a pity I am not a poet! Perhaps then I might clothe my tremors in words tinged with the perfume of the essence in which your syllables are wrapped, and so meet you midway.

But I am no poet. I must therefore only give you a simple assurance that I am worthy of your confidence, my fair unknown one. My word as a gentleman on that. Before all else, in due honor to your mask, it is my duty to introduce myself to you in all openness. My name is Emil, Baron Ritterglas, and I live on my own property. Moreover, you are at liberty to inquire, as you will, into my personal likings, my character, my circumstances; all nearer details which it may please you to demand. I know not, and you yourself seem not to realize, the object or end of this episode. You follow after the indefinite, and wait for the unexpected. I, lady, on the other hand, owe you the confession that my advertisement was not the result of any well-considered plan, but, on the impulse of a moment, as a frolic, was sent out into the world. But this does not hinder that I, like any other young bachelor, would indeed rejoice to get, as my wife, some fair, *spirituelle*, rich young maiden. You can easily comprehend all that. So much concerning my insertion. Yet, if you will, we can leave all that to one side, and regard as the starting point of our correspondence, your letter, which opens into a way with no appointed end. You say you are not happy, not free. I know not what *rôle* I should assume. Shall I endeavor to make you happy and free; or merely try to comfort and afford you some distraction? On my side I am free, so far as a man can be, for it is my judgment that we all, more or less, wear fetters; but no family ties bind me; no State duties; no bonds of love; my time, my heart, or—if it must be—my life is at your service. I remember, truly, one binding thing—I am writing a great book."

It seems to me at this moment that a new interest of this sort is likely to interfere with this work, and with the orderly marshalling of my ideas. I will, however, at once despatch this letter, and then go for a ride. I have written quite enough for one day.

This is my third sheet. Eight weeks

without working! If I go on at this rate my book will be ten years on hand. But how can I busy myself in metaphysics when I am so engrossed in this charming correspondence with my lovely Diana. That is how she signs all her letters. I look for the postman with feverish impatience, and then spend hours answering her letters. I believe I have, in this space of time, sent some three hundred sheets to that *poste restante*—whole memoirs! Her letters, also, are ever more lengthy and numerous. I think that in these five-and-twenty octavo sheets, which I am happy enough to possess in her writing, she has told me all she has felt or thought of in her life, without, in the mean time, betraying any of her outer existence or circumstances. What a brilliant wit, what glowing fancy, what deep feelings she is mistress of! I am in love—yes, a simple raving lunatic for love of her. It does me good to set the fact down in this little set formula. All you indifferent poor folk, envy me. Not for a million of money would I exchange with you. Oh, Diana! Diana!

She has sent me her photograph, yet I don't know if she is beautiful—for the picture does not show her features. The composition of the study is in itself a coquettish poem. The surroundings of the figure do not comprise the usual pillar and landscape in the background with which we are all so familiar in our albums. There is a broad staircase, down which a lady, dressed in full ball toilette, comes. One hand is on the baluster, with the other she holds to her face a large bouquet of roses. She is inhaling their perfume so busily that her brow and eyelids are alone visible. From the nosegay a broad ribbon hangs, on the ends of which the words "*Cela n'engage à rien*" are legible. One dainty foot is seen to the front, while, on the steps, behind, the train of her dress is disposed. Whatever her face may be, her figure is perfect, from the graceful slope of her neck, the round of her full arm, of her tapering waist, to her slender ankle. There is, besides, an indefinite grace and elegance diffused over the whole. Even



if the concealed features are insignificant, this lady must be altogether charming. As yet I have no idea whatever as to who she is. I have never attempted to spy upon her concealments. I have not inquired at any of the photographers in the city, nor at the house where her letters go. Oh, no! I will not hunt her down. The name of the artist is rubbed off the back of the picture, and, of course, it gives a great clue. But hitherto I have felt no curiosity concerning the name and condition of my correspondent. The very mystery enhances the charm. Moreover, I seem to cherish a hope that some day she will lift her face out of that bouquet and send me a rose. Just now, however, I am beginning to torment myself with questions. Shall I write boldly and say I love her? I must. I cannot help myself. "Diana, even at the risk, which, since I had your first note, has haunted me, of frightening away my dream lady, I must now venture to step from the world of fancy into reality. I love you, Diana; how could it be otherwise? Within the close lines of five-and-twenty sheets of writing paper you have enclosed all the charms of your nature. This alone is enough to have entangled my heart; but, besides this, you have somewhat lifted the veil from your own feelings, and have allowed me to see their depth. And then your picture! I see half your fairness and guess at much more. Dearest, most lovely of women, be mine, will you not?"

"If you are not quite free, some chains can be unriveted; but if this may not be, oh terrible thought! If your portrait, your letters even, are a fiction, let all this knot of confusion cease. It is better so. I am now resolved to search you out, and either shall tear your veil from you, and find—maddening thought—my dream lady gone, or I shall see my hidden beloved, and say to her in person, as I now do on paper—Diana, I love!"

Yes, this day I send off a decisive letter; and in three days an answer may—must—be in my hands. How

can I kill the dragging time till then? As to my treatise, I can't bear to think of it. A lover who dissertates on common feelings and philosophizes must have much resemblance to a galvanized frog lecturing on muscular movement. Away with abstractions! It is all subjective and objective with me now. Diana! Diana! How will your answer read?

As I have written here the above question, I must also enter the answer. Besides, it gives me a renewed pleasure to copy this letter, already so many times read:—

"Your tumultuous epistle, Monsieur Emil, has quite terrified me, but though I still tremble a little, my alarm is not altogether unpleasant. It is what we call agreeable nervous excitement. You must know, with all my acquaintance, through poets and romancists, of woman's so-called supremest bliss, I have hitherto never felt even a premonition of the imagined sentiment. Now, first, M. Emil, in this throng of correspondence, the dream-figure steps forth for me too into reality, and I tremble and smile together. But, my most honorable of correspondents, do not search me out. I am resolved to drop the mask myself when the right time comes; and you need not fear I shall disappear, or prove a myth. The photograph is my likeness. The letters were written out of the depths of my inner consciousness, and each word is but a mirror of my mind. On my side I do not doubt your uprightness. I recognized that in your first letter, as well as your worth, and intellectuality, and sensibility; they are all displayed in your succeeding sheets. Your little scheme of turning philosopher, however, dear sir, is all vain—a harmless vanity. What you are by nature meant for is, a sensible, honorable, thoughtful man, who ought to be happy.

"Do you know that your neighbor, Count Saalfeld, is about, in a few days, to assemble a large harvest gathering of friends? Your whole country-side goes to his house then, and also many



visitors from Vienna are invited. And now listen. I, too, make one of this party. Emil, will you recognize your Diana? I give you no key to the riddle; I shall carry no token on my person. I shall enjoy seeing your searching glances passing from one to another of us ladies. I warn you, and demand of you, not to make any closer inquiry, for I will of my own accord reveal myself. This is my last letter—that is, at any rate, the last of the series—*Cela n'engage à rien*. After we have met, if I write to you ever again, it must run *Cela engagerait à tout*. But, M. Emil, shall I indeed find you worthy of that?

“DIANA.”

I cannot confide to these pages even an idea of the tumult of delight into which I have been plunged at the thought of this coming blissful meeting. One thing I, however, can express, namely, that for no reward would I now exchange with any man living. Yesterday, when I received Saalfeld's invitation, I put it aside with indifference, saying to myself, “Well, it will afford me some diversion, perhaps, to go, as I am in such a bad working humor.” I little dreamed of the magical charmed circle into which the prosaic card would give me admittance. It lies here now, close to Diana's last letter, and I view it tenderly. As we are bidden to sporting amusements, a pair of deer, a game-bag, and gun, are drawn on it. The designs should be allegorical figures, angels, masks, and the keys of Paradise. Expectation of coming happiness is reckoned one of our greatest earthly enjoyments. In this pleasure I am now wrapped with powerful intensity, beyond even the blessedness of the child waiting for its Christmas presents, or of the theatre-lover watching for the curtain to rise, and present his highest ideal of art.

Oh, when I think that within these next few white sheets of my portfolio the unfolding of my whole little romance will soon be entered! For I pledge myself to put down the result of this momentous visit. Indulgent

sympathizer with all my fine theories, you shall at once learn the continuation of this chain, whose first links you have seen begun. All shall be told, to the smallest particular, even if the tale be one of vexation. If you are minded to laugh at me, do so. I am at present so wholly contented with my own lot that the shafts of ridicule seem harmless. The much-to-be-envied philosopher of links and chains is at your mercy; he puts himself there.

I now redeem the promise I have made. I will give no hint as to the humor in which I commence again to write. Astonished, reader, though you may be, at my tranquillity, it nevertheless exists.

When I awoke, however, on the morning of Saalfeld's first festivities, a thrill of delight penetrated me throughout as my waking mind realized that to-day I should at last, in the flesh, see my Diana, the mysterious and charming unknown.

The covers were about a mile from Saalfeld's castle. We were invited first to breakfast, and after the hunt a great dinner-party was to take place. I was in the saddle, booted and spurred, by nine. My trusty Bohoslav (in every tale of this sort a trusty servant is introduced, I think, on which account my Pole comes in usefully; but of his trustiness I have really had little or no experience) had already been despatched with my portmanteau of toilette necessities.

After an hour's ride I reached my destination. Saalfeld came forward to greet me.

“Ah, Ritterglas, I began to think you would not come. It is ages since we have seen you either here or at any of the neighboring covers. What has been the matter? Were you ill?”

“I? Ill? No, thank you. Have you many guests here? Ladies?”

“Oh, yes—a house full! Ladies also. But now it is time to think of breakfast. You will see enough of the ladies to-night.”

“What ladies have you here? Tell me their names, like a good fellow.

What do they look like, and where have they come from?"

"What zeal! I know nothing of them at all, Ritterglas. Heaven knows I couldn't tell you about even one of them! You ought to know our usual circle, and do, I suppose. My sister does all the honors for the ladies, and invites whom she will. I only trouble myself about the sport and the male guests."

After breakfast we immediately started on our shooting expedition. Now, in ordinary times, although no great Nimrod ever, yet I am a respectable shot; but on this occasion I was covered with shame amongst my companions. My thoughts were so busy elsewhere that I saw no hares, much less shot any; although this day witnessed the slaughter of about five hundred. Once only was I roused to interest during the hours devoted to sport. Some one near me cried out mockingly, "It is evident, Herr Baron von Ritterglas, that you are no worshipper of Diana!" I gazed in dumb surprise at the speaker. "Diana? Diana? How? You know her then? and she has worshippers? Perhaps you are one of them. What about her? Say out all you can!"

"I must beg of you, sir, to keep your gun from such close proximity to me!"

"Ten thousand pardons! But what of Diana?"

"Come, I don't see why you should be so excited! Unless you are Actæon, who was in love with the goddess, you need not be so jealous of her name being used!"

"Oh, is that all? Hum!"

"Fall back into your position, pray, baron; we have no time for conversation in the midst of such splendid sport."

Towards six o'clock we all trooped into the castle. My trusty Bohoslav awaited me in the chamber appointed for my use, and had all things in readiness for my evening toilette. The question as to whether I should appear in civil attire or in military uniform had exercised me much. I had decided for

the former—as I believed the simple evening dinner dress would be most acceptable to Diana; because it is a distinction in itself to wear this with becomingness. I have, besides, never quite realized my rank as Oberlieutenant; although, but for my philosophic turn, I might have served on, and received my company.

A bright fire burned in my grate; warm water smoked on the washstand; my evening suit lay spread out on the bed; and, in the mirror-stand, four lighted wax-candles were placed. On the table before the sofa lay a tea-pot, cup and saucer, sugar-bowl, and rum flask. The heavy curtains had been drawn before the window, and, after tramping through the moist, dark November night, it was inconceivably pleasant to enter this charming, warm room. It wanted as yet an hour of the dinner-gong. After dressing, I took a stretch on the couch, until the first clang sounded through the house. I instantly sprang to my feet, put a last touch to my necktie, and left the place. I was up in the second story, and to reach the reception-rooms had to traverse long, luxuriously carpeted corridors and staircases, adorned, at intervals, on each side with statues and pictures. All these details of beauty made a deep impression on me. When the mind is highly strung upon any subject, the externals of such thrilling times can never be forgotten. Thus I now observed everything. I entered the drawing-room with a beating heart and a long-drawn breath, receiving a fresh impression of pleasure from the scene of pomp, beauty, and sweetness before me. Some twelve or fifteen ladies, with as many gentlemen, were already assembled, and were dispersed in various groups throughout the gorgeous salon, gay with gilding and glasses and damask hangings in high art shades. I had to draw aside for another person to enter—a lady who rustled past me; beautiful and most elegantly dressed. Was this, perhaps, Diana?

Count Saalfeld and his sister stood together, near the fireplace. Thither I carried my greetings. The lady, a

stiff, elderly dame, reached me her hand, with the query: "I trust you have had successful sport, dear baron?" Happily the entrance of a new set of guests, to whom she had to turn, saved me from being obliged to answer.

I now glanced round at the other ladies present. There were many pretty girls, and also several more advanced in life, and rather insignificant-looking; none amongst them all in the least corresponded in appearance with my ideal Diana. The fair individual who had entered the room with me now stood in the alcove near the window with her back towards me.

That I decided must be she, and I turned to Saalfeld. "Will you introduce me to a few ladies?" I said.

"Gladly; are they all strangers to you?"

"Yes. Who is that near the window?"

"Hey! Take care of her—she is a most alarming coquette!"

"How so? Tell me a little more of her."

"Well! Firstly, she is a Pole; and they are all flirts."

"Is she married?"

"Divorced, or something of that sort, see? Do you not know those ladies coming in now?"

"Oh! Frau Katherine Meier and her daughter," I said.

"You are acquainted with them then! They are very near neighbors of ours, and though my sister is very exclusive, I persuaded her to send an invitation to Flint Castle," Saalfeld explained in an apologetic manner; "and certainly the Fraulein is wonderfully handsome."

"Then I suppose Herr Schwanberg is also amongst your guests? But pray introduce me to the beautiful Pole."

Frau Meier was now close to us, and I bowed my greetings, but she held out her hand with a smile.

"Ah, Herr Baron! I am glad to meet some one I know," she exclaimed. At this instant the door opened and dinner was announced. Saalfeld motioned to me, and I was, of course, constrained to give my arm to my

neighbor. I found myself, presently, placed between her and another elderly lady. The fair Pole was quite at the opposite end of the table and, as I am rather near-sighted, I saw little of her features; but perceived that she glanced towards me often. Fraulein Elsbeth Meier was just across the hospitable board, and well in my view. When I greeted her she gave me back a smiling salutation. "Happy Schwanberg!" I mentally exclaimed, and this reminded me to say to her mother, "Is not your future son-in-law here to-night, gnädige Frau?"

"My future son-in-law? Oh! Have you not heard that is all at an end?"

"Indeed! I am very sorry. This is the first I have heard of it."

"Oh! There is nothing to be sorry about! It is much better as things are, I fancy. He was too old for Elsbeth, and she did not love him. Before they were quite a month betrothed she suddenly declared she would not marry him. Letters, presents, and ring were all sent back, at once."

I heard all this with very scattered attention, as I was covertly watching every movement of the interesting Pole. In spite of my short sight I perceived that she was in lively talk with an officer on her left hand. "Perhaps I would have done better to wear my uniform," I meditated, while I tried to answer my too talkative companion. "Yes, it is sad enough this, no doubt. It must have troubled you a good deal!"

"Troubled! Quite the contrary. The match was a good one, certainly, as Schwanberg is a sort of millionaire; but then we have had good luck of late; about a fortnight after she had dismissed her bridegroom, she came in for a most unexpected fortune of two millions of marks left her by an uncle, her father's brother; so she is now richer than all her brothers together are."

"Why! is not Fraulein Elsbeth then your only daughter?"

"Only daughter, yes; but I have three sons by my first marriage, to whom Flint Castle and all my property

must go. Before this good luck Elsbeth's dower was very modest indeed, and Schwanberg would have been a brilliant match; but *now* she is the richest heiress in this part of the country, and has every right to look higher; even perhaps to a count. It is just as well, if one can, to have a pretty coat-of-arms and a coronet; and, if my daughter were a countess, perhaps this proud old lady, our hostess, would be less condescending to me to whom she makes believe her invitation for to-day was quite a wonderful favor!"

This chatter was frightfully uninteresting to me, but I had to bear it until dinner was over. Then I again, as soon as ever we were all re-assembled in the drawing-room, begged of Saalfeld to introduce me to the Pole. He took me into the smoking-room; three or four ladies who were not shy of the cigars were here seated on the low Eastern couches amongst a crowd of gentlemen. Half sitting, half lying, my Pole was placed amongst the cushions of a small sofa, her foot (it must be the very foot which the photograph displays) a little extended beneath the hem of her dress.

"Will you allow me to introduce my friend, Baron Ritterglas, to you, Madame de Bowrowska?" Saalfeld said, retiring as he spoke.

I sat down beside the lady, who reached me her hand with a gracious smile. Her features were not regular, but had much of the expression and animation such as usually distinguish her countrywomen. Her eyes were full of fire; her brow, which was now covered with curled hair, might easily have been that shown in the picture, and yet I thought it more commonplace than my Diana's. I could not compare her arm and neck with my mental pattern, as both were concealed from view by her costume, but the hand seemed much like my ideal's, and, above all, the dainty little foot. The figure, too, was elegant and pretty. No doubt this was she; and yet—and yet—I felt a certain sense of disenchantment. The reality answered not to my dreams. She spoke first:—

"Were you fortunate at the sport?" (Always the same query.)

"Diana was my one idea," I said.

"Really! So passionate a sportsman! And how many hares have you killed?"

"Is a poor sportsman then to have no thoughts for anything but hares and such animals?" I exclaimed.

"You told me yourself your whole mind was on the game."

"Diana, I know you," I half whispered.

"What?" she replied, as though not having caught my meaning.

I could not repeat my remark, as some other gentlemen came into the room, and the conversation became general. Madame de Bowrowska displayed much merry wit, and used her sparkling eyes continually. I am not sure to whom she gave the preference, but I know many glances fell on me. "A coquette!" I murmured; "Saalfeld was right *there*, at any rate."

I returned to the other room, and resolved to talk with every woman present, lest I might possibly be mistaken in believing this lady to be my correspondent.

I made the acquaintance of three young countesses, sisters reared in the *Sacré Cœur*, and the chief attractions of the last Carnival season. Their conversation ranged only upon the court and on society balls, and was bristling with blue-blooded pride of descent. Diana could not be one of those. A certain spiritual Frau von Hochfels, no longer young, but very charming, made me hesitate a moment; but when I glanced at her unlovely hand I knew I was again on the wrong track. During my round of inquiry I came upon *Fraülein Elsbeth*. Certainly she carried off the palm of beauty in the assemblage; many young gentlemen surrounded her, attracted as much, perhaps, by her recently acquired fortune as by her personal merits. I mingled in this group, but the centre of it was cold, *distrail*, and silent. This, at any rate, is no soulful being, I mentally exclaimed; and, after exchanging a few difficult sentences I was once more continuing

my investigations when I received a severe shock. Saalfeld's fifty-year-old sister, upon whose chin a more than incipient downy adornment was visible, called me to her side.

"Do you play whist, baron?" she inquired, with much friendliness.

"I don't know one card from another, gracious lady."

"Oh, I don't intend to tie you down to a game. You might just as well confess to some knowledge; *Cela n'engage à rien.*"

When I heard these words a cold shiver ran down my back. "Diana, are you there?" I whispered, trembling. But the lady gazed at me in such evident astonishment that I at once perceived, with unspeakable relief, her remark had not been weighted with any deep significance. Thus I went from one to another, but always was persuaded that in none present could I find, nay, or even wish to find, Diana. We had music, conversation, and cards. Not before midnight was the programme for the next day's pleasuring propounded. After breakfast we were to hunt, as before, and in the evening a masked ball was to wind up the festivities. The ladies were challenged to mystify us gentlemen, if they could. Thus we separated—our hostess saying, as we bade her good-night, that she hoped we would all find good entertainment to-morrow night, as she expected a large assemblage. "This house will be very full, as many guests come for this costume ball from Vienna."

My heart beat tumultuously as I ascended to my room. I felt my half-vanished hopes revive and my joyful expectations return. "Perhaps Diana will only arrive to-morrow," I murmured to myself blissfully.

Madame de Bowrowska accompanied us in our sporting expedition next day, in an elegant hunting costume, carrying a pretty gun over her shoulder. She was very coquettish with me, and looked charming. I was again almost certain this must be Diana; yet, to all my allusions to our long correspondence, she assumed total ignorance of

my meaning. We were not, however, long by ourselves, as the interesting Pole was besieged with attentions. On this occasion I redeemed my character as a sportsman, and massacred as many birds as possible, knowing that I was watched by such a fascinating lady. I once more pumped Saalfeld concerning her history.

"Yes," he said, "she is beautiful, but treacherous; and not a good woman in any sense of the word. I advise you to give her a wide berth. She made her husband miserable; and then, of her own will, separated from him; she knows how to lead her worshippers on, and then laughs at their sentimentalities. Are you aware that, in a duel fought on her account, an excellent young man lost his life, and Madame danced next night at the Embassy ball?"

These stories of Saalfeld made me very uncomfortable; but, then, as I said to myself, "Women are often misjudged. If she is the author of all those letters, I know her better than the world can."

As night fell we returned to the castle; and while I rested in my comfortable room, I endeavored to bring my mind into a composed state with the aid of mingled meditation and tea. "Ritterglas," I said to myself, "my good fellow, you have been too eager about grasping an ideal happiness. At the best this thing can only bring you a *bonne fortune*, not the blessing you want; a divorced, coquettish woman can never content your heart. You should have kept at your work, in place of writing advertisements. But, after all—who knows?—perhaps Diana is yet to come. She may arrive during the next two hours, to dinner, or, later still, to the ball." So musing, I heard the door open. "What do you want, Bohoslav? It is still too early to dress."

"A chambermaid gave me this for the Herr Baron," my trusty servant said, laying a small parcel before me. It was a box. I lifted the cover, and found a buttonhole bouquet—a rosebud lying on damp moss—and a note



with the words, "A greeting from Diana."

The well-known writing impressed me like the sight of a lost, believed-in, and recovered friend's face. In an instant my dream-woman returned and filled my mind, of late so distracted by Madame de Bowrowska. By and by, wearing my flower, I entered the drawing-room as excited as on the previous day, and certain now that Diana was here. The company was much more numerous, and there were many pretty women I had never seen before; and yet there was no time for making their acquaintance, as dinner was shortly announced. I was again Frau Meier's neighbor, and I fear my conversation was not very edifying. She examined me as to my favorite occupations, and also concerning my coat-of-arms. Naturally, if questioned on my employments, I think of my philosophic studies, and feel I ought to explain I am not only a student, but aim at founding a new school. True, Diana, when she heard this, called my authorship a harmless pastime; but women do not understand such things. I have a dim recollection that in my answers I mixed up philosophy and shields in a wondrous manner. Frau Meier certainly shook her head in an astonished way at times. I may have told her my armorial bearings consisted of links and chains, and that my book would contain many lances and some oblique chevrons.

On this occasion we gentlemen remained at table, English fashion, after the ladies, who left us earlier than usual to prepare for the masked and fancy ball. Perhaps an hour or more passed before we were all reunited. Even our hostess, together with all the mothers and aunts present, wore dominoes. The younger ladies were in every variety of costume such as could be hastily devised, for the whole thing was a somewhat impromptu affair.

I knew now that my hour was come; now or never would Diana approach and reveal herself. I had scarcely thought this when a majestic and elegant veiled woman drew near. She

wore a rich satin domino, which fell about her in graceful drapery, and in her hand she carried a nosegay of roses. I stepped forward and met her. "Diana!" I whispered.

She placed a trembling hand on my arm, and stood beside me silently. Her hand was not gloved, but lay as white as snow on my sleeve, and was the same, with its exquisite tapering fingers, which in the photograph leaned upon the balusters.

"Diana, Diana," I repeated, "say only one word to me!"

"Yes, I am Diana, Baron Emil." The answer was rather breathed than spoken, and the lady trembled visibly. I was myself so agitated that I could not say more. I led her out of the thronged room, through a number of gay apartments, until we at length found ourselves alone in a small cabinet, richly adorned with rare plants and flowers.

Near the hearth were two armchairs. Diana took her hand from my arm, sat down in one, and motioned me into the other. We were silent for a little, and awkward. She presently roused herself, as it were, and put her little satin-covered foot on the fender.

"Diana," I said at last, "we are alone here; let me see you."

She shook her head. "Not yet," she whispered unsteadily.

"You seem afraid of me. Have you lost your confidence," I said — "the trust you breathed in your letters? Do you withdraw from myself the sympathy your letters gave me?"

She shook her head again. "No, it is not that," she murmured. "But, do you see, the meeting of our souls in that imaginary lane, which enticed me onwards into our strange correspondence, is now transformed into the ordinary intercourse of a lady and gentleman by a commonplace fireside; and now the whole singularity — I must say unseemliness — of our letters has overwhelmed me, and I feel ashamed — almost miserable. If I speak to you any further, I must retain my disguise. Behind it I feel some shelter — something like the cover of a



letter. It is the only remnant of mysticism left in our friendship."

"Friendship, Diana? On my side I have ventured to write of love!"

"Baron Emil, you know not who I am, nor how I look!"

"I know more than that," I interrupted. "What is a name, a face, in comparison with such thoughtfulness, such spirituality as speak in your dear letters?"

"And you, Baron, are so well known to me, in the same manner. I showed you all my heart; but, like Juliet in the balcony scene, I feel my cheeks burn; and, like her, I thank the night, which hides my blushes—I thank my disguise."

I caught her hand, which breathed to me a perfume of violets, such as her letters always bore, and I lifted it to my lips: "And, like Romeo, I swear thou shalt ever be the mistress of my heart!"

At the magic and familiar word "thou," she started, and withdrew her hand quickly.

"You are too impetuous, baron; you swear too early; you do not even know if I am free."

"You should remember, you went surety for that, Diana, when you wrote the words '*Cela engagerait à tout!*' My highest wish is—is, Heaven grant you are unmarried! It was a marriage advertisement began this, you know, and I am ready and anxious for home treasures and joys!"

"But you stipulated for riches!"

"Good heavens! I value the poetry of luxury as well as any one; but if the girl of my heart has not a farthing, and is content to share my modest home, I shall be the happiest of men. As to the rest, I can earn money——"

"And how?" asked Diana.

"You know—my literary proclivities; I told you of them. When my '*Philosophy*' reaches the eighth edition——"

Here a silvery laugh rang through the room.

"Who laughs uncovers," I exclaimed; "Diana, say a gracious word to me—give me a hope!"

"Whilst I am concealed, I must say one earnest sentence, Baron Ritterglas. I thank you from my heart for proposing to an unknown individual; but perhaps you have hunted me down! Do you know who I am?"

"On my honor, I do not!"

"Then I thank you," she continued, "and I give you my answer. I know you, and that you are an honorable man; and—pardon me—no philosopher; rather a poet. Yes, by your letters you opened a new world to me. I was buried in my own conceits and book knowledge; I fancied myself a genius; and I felt very unhappy in my circumstances. I despaired of ever seeing my ideal; and thus your correspondence brought me into a new circle. I came in contact with a soul beyond my own in power; and with a heart as warm as my own, filled with love to man, and reverence for God. Then came your letter, saying, 'Diana, I love you;' and—then——"

"And then—say on, Diana—your words are music!"

"I ceased to feel unhappy, Baron Ritterglas—I became happy—oh so happy!"

Oh, that I could fall on my knees and kiss the hand she reached me! But this was impossible; the room door opened, and Saalfeld entered.

"Ha! here we have a little comedy in progress!—and it is nearly time to put off dominos. I want you all to assemble in the ball-room!"

At the first sound of disturbance, Diana had escaped to the window, where she now stood. Saalfeld came close to me and whispered: "You seem to be intent on courtship; but I advise you to keep yourself free of entanglements. I have a project on hand for you—that beautiful Elsbeth Meier—what do you think of it? Two millions of marks! My sister thought it out first."

"Unfortunately, my heart is not free!"

Diana approached, and emboldened by her affection, whispered softly: "I beg your pardon, but I have heard what you said."

"Then you know my answer; my heart is not free."

"Fair domino, it is you who have fettered this gentleman's heart," Saalfeld said, bowing to her.

"Yes, it is I, and I take possession of it," she replied, slowly dropping her disguise as she spoke. She stood before me a lovely vision. "Elsbeth!" I cried.

"What mischief have I been at, I wonder?" sighed the count.

"Cela n'engage à rien," laughed the lady.

"Cela engage à tout," I answered.

Saalfeld shook his head. "I don't understand a word of it," he exclaimed.

To-morrow is our wedding-day. I have laid aside my philosophy. We, my Elsbeth and I, spend the winter in Rome; and, in the spring, intend to take possession of our newly purchased estate. Then I resume my work; and you must confess that I have the best reason to be content with my theories. A chain of ideas, arising out of my own wisdom, led me, through a concatenation of circumstances, into the blessedest of all enchainments—union with a beloved woman. I have every right to honor Links and Chains! I believe still in my philosophical work; and, that on its completion, I shall be one of the most honored of writers. The main point to consider, as I have before remarked, is, how to proceed after a well-arranged plan, advancing in regular order.

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From The National Review.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE AS PART OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.<sup>1</sup>

I DO not propose to treat the subject of this lecture dogmatically. My intention rather is to set before you the conditions of an exceedingly difficult problem, and to make, with diffidence, a few suggestions as to the manner in which I myself think that the problem

should be dealt with. I hope that I may thus furnish matter for thought and discussion to an audience eminently qualified to form a judgment on what concerns the art of teaching.

The subject of my lecture is "The Study of English Language and Literature as Part of a Liberal Education," and by this I mean, not simply professorial instruction in the English language and literature to classes or individuals, but a school for teaching and examination, subject to regulations as clear and precise as those governing the schools in our different universities of classics, mathematics, natural science, law, and history, which are at present recognized as forming part of a liberal education. But before proceeding to my main subject I must detain you for a few minutes with the consideration of a preliminary question, because, as you will see, a definition of this preliminary point is necessary to my argument. What do we mean by the phrase "liberal education"? How has our present system of liberal education been formed? The question is not without obscurity; but I think that the answer to it is something of this kind. The words "liberal education" are derived from the *septem artes liberales*, the seven liberal arts or sciences, which, according to the schoolmen, embraced the whole circle of human knowledge. This classification was, I think, introduced into the Latin language in the first century before Christ, by Varro, the antiquary, and Varro himself, no doubt, derived it from the Greeks of Alexandria. After the overthrow of pagan culture by the barbarians, the existing system of Greco-Roman education survived, as we find from Cassiodorus, in the Christian schools, and in time came to be regarded by the schoolmen as the curriculum through which the scholar must pass before proceeding to the study of the highest of all sciences, theology. The seven arts or sciences were grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy (or, as it was then called, astrology), and music. The first three made up the course called, by the schoolmen, tri-

<sup>1</sup> A Lecture delivered to the Teachers' Guild, in University College, Liverpool.

vium; the last four constituted the *quadrivium*.

Here, then, was the germ of our system of liberal education. Assuming the truth of what was taught in these sciences, and assuming that the method of instruction was really scientific, it is plain that there were advantages in the course of education pursued by the schoolmen. It was simple, it was complete, it was logical. Unfortunately, neither of the assumptions on which it was founded was altogether sound. The revival of learning forced men to revise their entire conception of art and science; the discoveries of Copernicus and Columbus gave rise to new ideas respecting the heavens and the earth; the Reformation in England revolutionized the relations between theology and the other sciences. Finally, the methods of scientific reasoning introduced by Bacon on the one hand, and by Descartes on the other, brought discredit on the logical methods employed by the schoolmen. Hence the system of education founded on the regular procession of the seven sciences fell gradually into decay. It may, I think, be confidently asserted that, by the middle of the eighteenth century, the ancient course of mental discipline, followed by the Greeks and Latins, and converted to the use of the Christian Church, had disappeared from the curriculum of the English universities.

But though the connection between the secular sciences and theology was thus severed, the sciences themselves were retained as the basis of instruction in the university schools. The study of Latin grammar, which was found necessary by the schoolmen because Latin was the language of the Church, was pursued after the Reformation, in combination with Greek grammar, because these languages were now seen to furnish the keys to the culture and criticism of the antique world. Logic and rhetoric, which had been taught by the schoolmen mainly for the purpose of theological disputation, were found to be useful instruments for training the mind in mental and moral

philosophy. Hence these two sciences, together with grammar, became the foundation of the school of *Litteræ Humaniores* at Oxford, and to some extent of the Classical Tripos at Cambridge. On the other hand, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy remained as the nucleus of instruction in the mathematical schools of both universities. Hence arose that two-fold system of classical and mathematical training which for so long formed the ideal of liberal education in the English mind.

About the middle of the present century, men began to think that the base of liberal education was too narrow. In 1851 the University of Cambridge added a school of natural science, admitting to a degree in arts; the University of Oxford followed the example in 1853. Oxford in the same year established a school of law and modern history, which in 1872 was divided into two separate schools, one of law and one of history, each admitting to the degree in arts. At Cambridge final examinations, admitting to the arts degree, were established; in 1858 in law, in 1875 in modern history. Schools of the same kind in Oriental languages were instituted; in 1878 at Cambridge, and in 1887 at Oxford. Now, throughout this long and gradual development, I think, it may be observed that each school, before it has established its footing within the sacred circle of the liberal arts, has had to satisfy two requirements; that is to say, it has had to show, first, that it was likely to prove useful for the purposes of mental discipline; and, next, that its subject matter was capable of being scientifically taught.

The English language and literature has not yet obtained an entrance into our established system of liberal education. For though, in many of our younger universities and university colleges, professorial chairs and courses of instruction in this subject have been instituted — and I know that University College, Liverpool, has set a shining example, both in its English chair and in the person of its distinguished oc-

cupant—yet, until Oxford and Cambridge have opened their gates, I think it will be generally admitted that the battle on behalf of English, as part of liberal education, has not been won. Now the gates of these two great universities still remain closed. It is true that English as a sub-head is included in the mediæval and modern language tripos at the University of Cambridge; but any one who looks at the examination papers in this school will see that what is dealt with is English language, and not English literature. A vigorous attempt has recently been made to originate a separate school of English language and literature in the University of Oxford; but I believe I am correct in saying that the Hebdomadal Council of that university has decided that to establish such a school would at present be inexpedient.

Now, I fear that I shall surprise, and probably disappoint, many of my hearers, when I say, that I am very far from regretting this decision of the authorities of the great university of which I have the honor to be a member. I hasten, therefore, to assure all who may be so affected, that I look forward with confidence to the time when a school of English language and literature shall be a recognized part of English liberal education. But at the same time I hold that, if such a school be started prematurely—that is to say, before we are sure that what is taught in it will be really useful as training for the mind, or that the methods of instruction employed in it will be really scientific—mischief will be done, not only to the study of English language and literature, but to the system of liberal education as a whole, because many minds may be perilously diverted from other courses of study which experience has shown to be profitable. I doubt whether the question has yet emerged from its nebulous stage, and whether we have frankly faced all the difficulties arising from the vague notions of the public at large, from the objections to the proposed school entertained by the teachers of other branches of science, and from the com-

plicated nature of the study itself. And I would, therefore, ask you, in the first place, to get a clear view of these difficulties, before we proceed to consider the way in which the difficulties may be overcome.

As regards the popular view of the subject, there is one objection which is frequently advanced to the establishment of a school of English language and literature, namely, that such a school would not be useful. A very large number of people seem to hold the opinion about English that Dogberry held about reading and writing; they think that it comes by nature. They are anxious that their children should be taught French and German, because the knowledge of these languages will be of advantage to them socially, politically, commercially; but they fancy that instruction given them in their own language is so much waste of time. On this point my own official experience enables me to speak with some authority, as my duties give me the opportunity of observing the performance in examinations of thousands of boys from our public schools, of hundreds of university men, and of others who have received what is called a liberal education. And I speak with moderation when I say that not only the faculty of expressing in English a train of ideas on any subject in a lucid and forcible manner, but even the simple art of writing a number of consecutive sentences without some grammatical error, are accomplishments, less common among the youth of this country than they ought to be. For if a man is to rise to any position of eminence in the army, the navy, or the civil service, nothing is more necessary for him than skill sufficient to write a terse despatch, an exhaustive report, or a clearly reasoned memorandum. And I need hardly insist before such an audience that he will be the better equipped for such tasks, if he is familiar with the vocabulary of Shakespeare and Milton, and understands the principle on which an Addison, a Johnson, or a Macaulay, is accustomed to frame his sentences and paragraphs.

Meeting, therefore, these objectors on their own ground of mere commercial utility, I think we may decide that it is desirable that the study of English language and literature should form part of a liberal education.

But there are others who object to the establishment of a school of English language and literature from what I may call the academic point of view. While they allow that the study of the subject is useful in the highest sense of the word,—that is, as providing food for the mind and the imagination,—they contend that English literature, at least, cannot be scientifically taught. Thus, when, some few years ago, the establishment of a school of English literature was advocated in the *Times* by a writer signing himself “Lecturer,” this reply was made by the late Professor Freeman: “There are many things fit for a man’s personal study which are not fit for university examinations. One of these is ‘literature’ in the ‘Lecturer’s’ sense. The correspondent tells us that it ‘cultivates the taste, educates the sympathies, and enlarges the mind.’ Excellent results, against which no one has a word to say. Only we cannot examine in tastes and sympathies. The examiner in any branch of knowledge must stick to the duller range of technical and positive information.” Now, if it were seriously proposed that a school of English language and literature should mainly concern itself with questions of taste and sympathy, I should admit Professor Freeman’s argument to be conclusive. For such a purpose at any rate it would be true that *de gustibus non est disputandum*. Nay; I myself am strongly of opinion that the less criticism occupies itself with the analysis of taste and feeling, the better will it be for criticism and taste. But I cannot conceive that any sensible advocate of a school of English literature ever entertained such notions as the professor imagined. Hence I should prefer to put forward in a different, and, as it seems to me, a much more formidable, shape the academic objection that may be urged against the introduc-

tion of this school into the university system.

You will observe that the subject of my lecture is not the study of the English language alone, or of the English literature alone, but of the English language and literature together. And yet the tendency of things is such that, wherever this study is at all systematically cultivated, each branch of the subject is pursued separately, as if one necessarily excluded the other. Thus the study of the English language comes in practice to mean the study of English philology; and, from Professor Freeman’s point of view, this is quite just, because the subject thus viewed is at least capable of scientific treatment. There are some lovers of English literature who altogether deprecate the study of philology. I do not share their opinion. I think, on the contrary, that those who study our literature scientifically can no more dispense with the study of the language in its early stages, than the scholar who seeks to master the thought and style of the great writers of Greece and Rome can dispense with the study of Latin and Greek grammar. Mr. Churton Collins, who has done such excellent service in the discussion of this question, thinks that philology is to literature merely what the key is to the jewel-casket. But it is something more. Philology is the science of language, and language is the instrument for the expression of thought; nay: language is as much the abode of thought as the body is the seat and habitation of the soul. Many of the grammatical forms employed by our greatest writers are of high antiquity. The structure of sentences, and the harmony of verse, in writers like Shakespeare and Milton can often only be explained by reference to the work of those early writers, who were lisping in numbers at the time when our language began to emerge from Anglo-Saxon into what is called middle English.

Philology, therefore, in my opinion, is an essential factor in the study of English; but it has a certain danger in it; it has a tendency to become too



absorbing. That sometimes happens to the philologist which befalls explorers of another kind. Perhaps some of you have been acquainted with a man who has been possessed with the passion of wandering among the tribes of the desert, and you know how rare it is for one who has accustomed himself to this kind of life to return to the ways of civilized society. A like fascination often seizes on the student who finds himself in the solitudes occupied by the writers of early English. Sick of the frivolities of modern thought and language, he seems to regain a sense of freshness and freedom in the company of these primitive pioneers in the arts of expression. Questions of dialect, of grammar, of rhythm, of pronunciation — all interesting, all deserving of investigation — crowd upon him. He gives himself up to the study of these antediluvian authors. Their modes of thought and diction become a second nature to him; and not seldom the man who has mastered the peculiarities of Ormin and Layamon, of Robert of Brunne and Robert of Gloucester, prefers them to the perfections of Shakespeare and Milton.

Now, if English philology be pursued with such passion as this, the plea that the literature of England is as worthy as that of Greece or Rome to be the subject of liberal study must fall to the ground. A school of English language and literature, in which philology should be the predominating feature, would be a school — not for the encouragement of culture, but — for the endowment of specialists.

If, on the other hand, you put philology into a subordinate place, and give your main attention to the great masters of expression in English, you are met by a difficulty of another kind. What is it exactly that you propose to teach? You may teach something positive, definite, and intellectually valuable, about the growth of our language; but what kind of scientific instruction about our literature would be given in such a school as it has been proposed to establish? I imagine that, practically, the curriculum would resolve itself

into the study of particular authors and specified books. The student would at one time be directed to the plays of Shakespeare, at another time to "*Paradise Lost*," and again to the satires of Dryden and Pope, and so on. He would get up all that is to be known about the lives of these poets; he would make himself acquainted with the dates of their different works; he would be able to furnish analyses of what he had been directed to read. But does any one pretend that such a course would provide materials for a school equivalent in intellectual value to the great schools now existing in our universities? And yet if you attempt at present to go beyond the study of the text of particular authors, and to make English literature, like Greek and Latin literature, a school for the systematic training of taste, you are at once exposed to a check. We are not agreed among ourselves on the principles upon which even our great poets should be judged. There are, I believe, still critics who are unable to admit that Pope was a poet. We are not agreed on the question which among our great authors are entitled to the highest rank. For example, I open the calendar of one of our university colleges, and I find a distinguished professor announcing the following course of lectures: "*The Six Great Poets of England: Their Lives and Works.*" Now, who are the six great poets of England? The professor answers: "Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton;" so far, no doubt, there has always been something like a conventional agreement; but then as to the other two? They are — Dryden and Wordsworth. But, as every reader of Johnson's "*Lives of the Poets*" knows, Johnson had much difficulty in deciding the question of superiority between Pope and Dryden; while Joseph Warton, a very accomplished critic, gave the preference to Pope. It is certain also that there are a very large number of readers who could maintain, with a good show of argument, that Byron was, at least, as great a poet as Wordsworth. Yet the professor announces his classification as confidently

as if it represented a fact no less certain than the date of the Battle of Waterloo. Nothing, indeed, can be plainer than that in matters of literary taste, as distinct from matters of literary fact, we are in the hands of individual teachers; and there would be this great danger in establishing a school of English language and literature, in which literature should predominate, that it would increase the Babel of critical opinion.

And now that I have laid before you what I conceive to be the difficulties in the way of the systematic study of English, — difficulties arising partly out of the excessive claims advanced on behalf of the science of philology, and partly out of the unscientific character of our literary criticism, — let me make a few suggestions to you in conclusion as to the way in which these difficulties may be overcome. In the first place, I see no reason whatever why the English language and literature should not be studied in the same liberal and scientific manner as we study the language and literature of Greece or Rome — that is to say, by studying the language *in* the literature; in other words, in the great classical authors of our language. Practically speaking, and putting aside party prejudices, of which there are too many in the literary world, we are all agreed who our classical authors are. And if we wish to give really liberal instruction in English, we ought to take the student to the English language — not as if it were a *corpus mortuum* for the scalpel of the philologist, but — as a living stream, to be followed through the metrical writings of Chaucer and Spenser, of Shakespeare and Milton, of Dryden and Pope, of Byron and Tennyson; and through the prose writings of Bacon and Cowley, of Dryden and Addison, of Johnson and Macaulay. Why may not the principles of our grammar and prosody be as clearly taught from the works of authors like these as the rules of Greek and Latin composition from Homer and Sophocles and Thucydides, or from Virgil and Cicero? And why should not the principle of criticism be ap-

plied to the language of all of them, which has been so admirably applied to the language of Shakespeare by Dr. Abbott in his “Shakespearian Grammar”?

In the second place, assuming that we are agreed upon the texts of the great authors of our literature which ought to form the basis of instruction, I would have these studied historically. I think I shall have with me your distinguished president, who has done so much for the illustration of Latin scholarship, when I say that, before a teacher can impart scientific instruction in any literature, he must have a thorough comprehension of that literature as a whole — in other words, he must understand its history. It is not enough to study the thought and language of individual authors in themselves; you must know in what way each author is related to his own epoch and to his predecessors, and what were the general causes which operated upon his imagination. Now, I speak with absolute confidence when I say, that at present there is no work on English literature in the English language giving information of this kind. There are excellent histories of Greek literature, of Latin literature, even of French and Italian literatures; but the English mind is so averse from generalization, that the solitary attempt to trace the course of our own literature by an English hand is Thomas Warton’s fragment of the “History of English Poetry.” The first step towards the establishment of such a school as we have been considering to-night ought to be the completion of Warton’s noble undertaking upon more scientific principles and in a simpler form.

But here, I have no doubt, some one will say, “What is the meaning of the course of English literature, and how can it be scientifically studied?” And this is a question which is deserving of the very fullest consideration, both in itself, and also because it illustrates what I have already said on the difficulty of studying scientifically a subject on the first principles of which we are not all agreed. For there is an influen-

tial school of criticism in England—I will call it the Teutonic school—which teaches that, before you can understand the history of English literature, you must understand the history of Anglo-Saxon literature. This opinion has been recently expressed in a very interesting and valuable work, which doubtless many of you have read, by Mr. Stopford Brooke, on “*The History of Early English Literature*.” Mr. Brooke says in his preface: “This book is the history of the beginnings of English poetry. . . . Here in the two hundred years between 670 and 870 the roots of English poetry, the roots of that vast overshadowing tree are set; and here its first branches clothed themselves with leaves.” Now, I venture, with great respect, to traverse this opinion in the directest possible manner. I hold that it is untrue, and that it can be shown to be untrue. Because all the evidence which the Teutonic school of criticism furnishes, shows that in all Anglo-Saxon poetry of a high order, such as the poetry of Cædmon and Cynewulf, between the years 670 and 870, the prevailing spirit is that of oral minstrelsy. Now, the spirit of oral minstrelsy had utterly decayed before the Norman Conquest; and in the English literature, properly so called, which arose after the Norman Conquest the fountains of inspiration are different in kind. I hold that English literature begins with the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., because our first great writers in verse and prose, Chaucer and Wycliffe, then make their appearance, writing in a language which is fairly intelligible to the Englishmen of our own day.

Nevertheless, I fully admit that, to arrive at the beginning of the history of English literature, you must ascend considerably higher up the stream of time. You cannot read—and I hope many of my audience have read—Chaucer, without perceiving what a large amount of his thought has been derived from sources of literature and learning which were in existence long before his own age; and also what strange anomalies of thought are pro-

duced by the blending of his own stream of fancy and feeling with the tide of this remote source of inspiration, whatever it may be. Now I am going to ask you to consider two or three examples of these composite ideas in Chaucer, because nothing will serve better to show the kind of scientific problems with which a school of English literature would have to deal, and the manner in which the historic method ought to be applied to them.

One of the most remarkable phenomena which the student of Chaucer has to face is the mixture in him of Teutonic ideas with ideas derived from Greek and Roman sources. This is very well exemplified in the “*Knight’s Tale*,” told, as you will remember, during the pilgrimage to Canterbury. Here is a story, adapted, of course, from Boccaccio, but originally taken more or less from Greek mythology, mentioning the Roman gods and goddesses, and full of details borrowed from the Latin writers Statius and Boethius. On the other hand, the whole treatment of the story is Teutonic. The Greek hero, Theseus, becomes a Frankish duke; he has his “*baronage*” and his “*Parliament*”; his knights fight in the lists after the most approved fashion of mediæval chivalry; and Chaucer’s style is absolutely opposed in spirit and character to that of the Latin authors whom he nevertheless imitates.<sup>1</sup> Now, why is all this? It is no sufficient answer to say vaguely that Chaucer was writing on a Greek subject in a German spirit, because what you have to explain is the complete fusion in him of opposite ideas. If you look for an explanation in Warton, you find only two long and very interesting “*Dissertations*”—one on the origin of chivalrous romance; and the other on the revival of learning in Europe—but neither of these dissertations throws any light on the history of Chaucer’s thought. The true solution of the problem is to be found in the mediæval system of education to

<sup>1</sup> This peculiarity is even more marked in Boccaccio’s “*Teseide*” than in the “*Knight’s Tale*,” because the details in the former are much fuller.

which I have before alluded, a system which, while utterly opposed to the spirit of classic poetry, retained many of the great Latin authors as school-books, whereby the conceptions of the barbarous races, whom the Latin Church instructed, were blended with the conceptions of the books that they read by a kind of spiritual alchemy. If we would understand the spirit of infant European literature in any country, whether Italy, Spain, France, or England, we must first appreciate the influence of the Latin Church, as the link between Greek culture and Gothic barbarism.

Another extremely remarkable feature in the poetry of Chaucer is its mixture of romance and history. For example, the "Man of Law's Tale," another of those told during the pilgrimage to Canterbury, relates the adventures of an unfortunate lady named Custance, or Constance, who, it appears, was the daughter of a certain emperor reigning in Rome—though we know that no emperor reigned in Rome at the apparent date of the story—and, strange to say, was married to a sultan of Syria; who, for her love, went the unprecedented length of abandoning the religion of Mahomet! As if this audacious treatment of history was not enough, we are told that Constance, after the sultan, her husband, had been murdered by his mother, a fanatical Mahomedan, was sent adrift on the sea, and was married a second time to Alla, king of Northumberland, to whom she bore a son, called Maurice, who afterwards succeeded his grandfather as emperor of Rome! The curious thing is, that Chaucer evidently supposes himself to be recording historical facts; and it is surely a most necessary and interesting question how he, who was so thoroughly versed in all the learning of his age, should have been so completely ignorant of the course of history. Yet the only light which Warton vouchsafes us is, that Chaucer got his story from the collection of tales called "*Gesta Romanorum*," and from the "*Historical Mirror*" of Vincent of Beauvais; and

we are still left to wonder whence these works derived their historical authority. Students of modern literature are apt to think of the Dark Ages as a region of impenetrable night, lying between ourselves and the thoughts of antiquity, in which it is vain to look for the rise of mediæval legend. It is not so. Dimly but certainly the course of the stream of learning can be discerned. The historical ignorance of the Middle Ages has a long pedigree. You can trace it to the decline of history, as a philosophical study, in the decay of Latin literature. You can watch the histories of Thucydides and Xenophon, of Livy and Tacitus, giving way, through the influence of Christian writers, who desired to discredit the records of pagan culture, before the meagre chronicles of the chief events of the world, written by Eusebius and Jerome and Orosius. On the other hand, you can observe, in succeeding centuries, the rise of a race of literary forgers, who sought to please the taste for the marvellous by narratives of ancient and legendary events, supposed to be written by eye-witnesses. From a union of these forged narratives with the ecclesiastical abstracts of the world's history arose the quasi-historic chronicles of the Middle Ages: "*The Story of Troy*," by Guido de Colonna; "*The History of the Britons*," by Geoffrey of Monmouth; "*The History of Charlemagne*," "*The Romance of Alexander the Great*;" to which may be added the collection of short tales (many of them derived from Oriental sources) for the purposes of moral instruction, which has been already alluded to under the title of "*Gesta Romanorum*." There was no sudden break between the life of the ancient and the life of the modern world, as seems to be implied in the phrase "*Dark Ages*;" but a long period of decay, and an equally long period of reconstruction, from which rose a kind of dim, intellectual atmosphere, confounding fact and fiction, and vaguely discovering to the barbarous imagination the outlines of objects in the past, without proportion and without perspective.

At the risk of wearying you, I will cite one other still more curious characteristic of Chaucer's poetry, namely, the fusion in it of mythological, philosophical, and theological ideas. In the prologue to the "Man of Law's Tale," Chaucer enumerates his different writings, and among these, he says, "he made the seintes legend of Cupide;" or, as we should say, "he made the legend of Cupid's saints." He is alluding to his poem called "The Legend of Good Women," which he intended to be a collection of stories of women who had endured suffering on account of love. Almost all the instances which Chaucer selected for treatment were taken from Ovid's "Epistole Heroidum;" and you will therefore observe, in the first place, that Cupid's *Heroïnes*, as they are termed by Ovid, are converted by Chaucer into Cupid's *Saints*. But why the saints of Cupid, who is the last of the heathen deities with whom we ourselves naturally associate ideas of sanctity? We are accustomed to think of Cupid simply as the deity in pagan mythology who presided over love, and in this shape he is represented by the later English poets. You remember the beautiful lines in the "Midsummer Night's Dream:"—

That very time I saw, — but thou could'st not —

Flying between the pale moon and the earth,

Cupid, all armed : a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west,

And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.

Here you see that Shakespeare describes Cupid in the purely fanciful and decorative style suitable to the ideas with which men had become familiar since the revival of classical literature. Chaucer, on the other hand, invests him with a kind of religious sentiment, somewhat in the same way that Dante speaks of him in his "Vita Nuova." Nor is there a suspicion of profanity in the expression, "Cupid's saints," any more than when we find

Chaucer, or one of Chaucer's imitators, saying in another poem :—

The God of Love, ah, *benedicite!*

How mighty and how great a lord is he !

where he uses with regard to love an exclamation common in the Middle Ages, and taken from the words of Christian invocation at the beginning of the Latin version of the song of the Three Children. In order to understand the full meaning of Chaucer's expression, we have to mount the stream of classical literature, and to trace the vast influence exerted over thought by the Greek philosopher Plato. Plato, you know, was the first to allegorize, in his "Phædrus" and "Symposium," the principle of love. By Eros, the Greek god answering to the Latin Cupid, he figured the passion of the mind or soul, whereby it ascends from the knowledge of objects of sense to the knowledge of things unseen and eternal. The later philosophers of Plato's school continued his methods of allegory, and extended his philosophical principles so far as to make Love the primal cause of being in the universe. In this guise Love appears in the famous story of "Cupid and Psyche," written by the Platonic philosopher Apuleius, and in the no less famous treatise of the Platonist Boethius, "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," which was one of the favorite school-books in the Middle Ages. Thus the idea of love became philosophical. Next the stream of Platonic philosophy mingled with the stream of theology. This union is first found in the writings ascribed in the Middle Ages to Dionysius the Areopagite, author of the "Mystical Theology," a work which, centuries later, led Saint Bonaventura to compose "The Itinerary of the Soul to God," from which, again, Dante derived so much of the feeling that pervades his "Vita Nuova" and "Paradiso." Love in the hands of Dante has become, we see, not only philosophical, but mystical and religious. Finally, from this sphere, half-philosophical, half-theological, love migrated into poetry. The allegorical genius of the-



ology, blending with the native love poetry of the Arabs, and with the spirit of chivalry, produced the metaphysical love poetry of the Troubadours, who are the poetical ancestors of Petrarch, and of the French poets from whom Chaucer drew his ideas of Cupid. In a later age, after the revival of letters, this strange compound of mythology, philosophy, theology, and Oriental poetry, was resolved into its simple elements; and, when Shakespeare paid his famous compliment to Queen Elizabeth, Cupid had been restored to the place which he naturally occupies in Greek and Latin literature.

These are the kind of problems which confront the student, not only in Chaucer, but throughout English literature, at least as far as Shakespeare and Milton. To unlock them you must use the key of history. If you assume, as the Teutonic school of criticism assume, that English literature can be studied, like Greek literature, as the organic growth of the Anglo-Saxon mind, these problems must remain unsolved. You can no more connect the art of Chaucer or Shakespeare with Anglo-Saxon poetry, than you can explain the style of Salisbury Cathedral from the principles of Anglo-Saxon architecture. English literature, after the Norman Conquest, is inseparably united with Continental literature; and the development of Continental literature can only be explained, on the one side, by the decline of Latin letters, and, on the other, by the rise of the Christian Church. To study English literature, apart from these two elementary factors, would be as idle as to study the history of Gothic architecture without reference to the architecture of Rome, or the history of Italian painting independently of its connection with the art of Constantinople.

Such, in my opinion, are the points at issue. I have endeavored to trace the gradual manner in which our existing system of liberal education has formed itself. I have urged that before any other study be added to this system its advocates should prove that it is both useful and capable of being

scientifically taught. Further, as regards the admission of English language and literature into the system, I have shown that, looking to the uncertainty existing, both in the public mind and in the academical mind, as to the scope and nature of the subject, it is doubtful whether at present this study can be said to fulfil either condition. But I have ventured to suggest a method by which the study might be scientifically pursued, in such a way as to render it, in Professor Freeman's phrase, a fit subject for university teaching and university examination. I should like to add that, in order to train the mind for the advanced teaching of the universities, I should be glad to see the texts of our great English poets and orators studied in our public schools, side by side with the great orators and poets of Greece and Rome, on the principle so well advocated by Mr. Churton Collins in his little work on "The Study of English Literature." Whether the method of study I have indicated is capable of being applied as a practical principle of instruction, I must now leave for the consideration of you who are so well versed in the arts of teaching. Of this, at any rate, I am certain: that if it can be proved that, on these or any other similar lines, English language and literature is capable of being historically studied, no school will possess stronger claims to be admitted within the circle of the liberal sciences. It must be useful, on account of the flood of light which pours through our literature to animate and illumine the bare records of our history. It must be useful, as showing the slow degrees by which the ideas of men are moulded and modified, by individual and individual, from generation to generation; and as thereby accustoming the mind of the student to larger and more humane ways of thinking. Not less useful will it be in illustrating the gradual growth of the arts of expression, and of the laws, which, hidden beneath the surface of things, exert an irresistible power in altering the structure of our language. To sum up in a sentence: I cannot

conceive of any study which, if pursued under such conditions as I have supposed, is more likely to educate perception, to enlarge imagination, to strengthen judgment, and to refine taste.

W. J. COURTHOPE.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE FOREIGN TOURS OF LADY MARY COKE.<sup>1</sup>

Two volumes of this curious diary saw the light in 1889, and thanks to the courtesy of the Earl of Home, to whom the manuscripts have descended by inheritance, we were able (January, 1891) to give our readers many telling extracts from a book which is a genuine survival from the age of Horace Walpole. A third volume has appeared, and we are again allowed to draw from its stores of information and amusement. The first volume had, as an introduction, Lady Louisa Stuart's matchless memoirs of the family of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich; the wittiest thing that has been written by a woman since Lady Mary Wortley Montagu laid down her pen. It was almost too much to hope that this third instalment might also have a jewel in its head. But it has. Mr. James Home has placed in its preface a genuine literary surprise, a piece of treasure-trove, in the shape of twenty-six hitherto unknown letters of Horace Walpole, all addressed to Lady Mary Coke. In Cunningham's edition only one letter to her has been preserved. But here is a batch as authentic as it is possible to be. The manuscripts were found among the papers of the late Mr. Charles Drummond Moray, of Abercainey, who inherited them, along with Douglas House (Petersham), from the Caroline, Lady Scott, for whom Lady Louisa Stuart's introduction was originally written. We think it a pity that Mr. Home should have printed along with them the ribald mock sermon also addressed to Lady Mary.

<sup>1</sup> The Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke. Privately Printed. Edinburgh: 1892.

As for the letters themselves, they contain nothing but what is pleasant. We recognize in them the half-valetudinarian grace, the whimsical satire, and the wise experience, which distinguish the really gifted man of the world from the fribble and the gossip. They are, of course, vastly flattering. Lord Hervey's letters, to even such an august correspondent as Queen Caroline, prove that it was then considered respectful, rather than the reverse, for men to address a woman, whatever might be her age or station, in the language of an ill-suppressed gallantry. If this was the rule, we may well believe that in the case of princely Argyll's youngest and most exacting daughter, it was incumbent on every male friend to give himself the airs of a warm, very warm, admirer of her relentless charms. Another affectation is very apparent throughout these letters — viz., that of a lack of interest in English political life, which both Walpole and George Selwyn thought proper to adopt. Both these men devoted a great deal of attention, even of good-natured attention, to the affairs of their friends; both discussed the foibles of their neighbors with acumen, and lost money, with less shrewdness, to them at Newmarket, and at the card table; while both were ready to discuss political questions so long as the English Cabinet, or England's relations with foreign countries, could be treated as gossip. But George Selwyn snored openly on the benches of the House of Commons, and Walpole, bored by his constituency, never lost an opportunity of grumbling when he had to work. Both these fine gentlemen had much kinder hearts than they chose to admit, and Walpole, at least, must have suffered a good deal from the unruly wills and affections of men and women in the world in which he said such satirical things and did such kind ones, before he could have indited the following remarkable warning to Lady Mary Coke. Lady Yarmouth, the person who first introduced Lady Mary into the inner *penetralia* of court life, had just died, and thus Walpole tries to

reason with his fair correspondent's excessive grief :—

Your heart is too feeling for a world in which Ingratitude and Death reign. I am heartily sorry for your loss of Lady Yarmouth, but you must not give way to all the friendship you are capable of. By some means or other it will embitter your whole life, and though it is very insipid to be indifferent, the vexations consequential on attachments are much too dearly bought by any satisfaction they produce. Perhaps if Death were the only dissolvent of connections, one would run the risk of it ; because Esteem is mixed with Grief, and the sensation has a kind of sweetness in it ; but it is so seldom that Friendship is mutual that it rarely awaits the pang of a total separation.

Nothing can be truer, unless it be the Russian proverb which avers that the ice always breaks at the place where you would least expect it ; but this is a rare expression of feeling from the pen of the philosopher of Strawberry Hill. The sentences might have been written by Dr. Johnson, so grave are they, and so pregnant with meaning in their repression of pain ; only the greater moralist would never have remained content merely to confess the pangs of pertidy, or the blank of solitude ; he would have offered an antidote. Walpole can only beg human nature not to go beyond a civil indifference for fear of the consequences ; Johnson would have been able to tell of "patience sovereign o'er transmuted will ;" of good things granted fully "by him who grants the power to crave," and assured us that, through the firmness of self-discipline and the help of a boundless charity, we may "make the happiness we cannot find," and fashion new and real centres of energy sufficient for the transformation of the most lonely lot.

It is almost pathetic to read Walpole's advice in the light of the fact that it was reserved for Lady Mary Coke herself to wound this old friend so deeply that he could only say of her : "but *she* is mad." However, we must not anticipate this unpleasant finale to a correspondence that lasted over the best years of Lady Mary's life, and from which we only regret that our

space does not allow us to make longer extracts. As we recently published many of Walpole's letters to Miss Anne Pitt (revealed by the printing of the "Dropmore Correspondence"), we are obliged here to confine ourselves to making but brief extracts from those found at Petersham.

Taking it for granted that our readers remember the outlines of Lady Mary Coke's birth, parentage, education, and early widowhood, we propose not to go over any of the ground traversed in a former article, but to take up the narrative at the part where Vol. III. opens : in the winter of 1769.

Lady Mary's diary was really a series of *newsletters* sent by her to her sisters, Caroline and Anne, because the domestic duties of those ladies prevented them from living as entirely in and for the world as did the "dainty widow." Of these sisters, Caroline, the eldest, was her favorite, because Lady Greenwich either believed, or affected to believe, in Lady Mary's engagement to, or secret marriage with, the Duke of York and Albany. The young prince, who was twelve years her junior, had really never given Lady Mary, or her family, any grounds for supposing that he contemplated matrimony, either with or without Lord Coke's widow. But Lady Mary was vain and fantastic, and had a "frenzy for royalty," so it pleased her to talk of "the person who is gone," and Lady Greenwich humored her in her regrets and in her implied importance to the royal family.

That Horace Walpole did not believe in the attachment is plain, for he writes from Paris in the following blunt manner :—

Paris, September 20, 1767.

The Duke of York has had a violent fever at Monaco, but I think is reckoned out of danger. The Prince has paid him great attention—so great, that he has just put off a journey to the Duc de Choiseul's, at Chanteloup. What can a Frenchman do more ?

This passage is, we think, pretty conclusive evidence, for whatever Horace Walpole did not know in matters social need not be held to be either knowl-

edge or history. Princess Amelia did not believe in the duke's entanglement, and though she tried to disabuse Lady Mary, the princess was extraordinarily patient of her friend's royal airs, and received her with the most constant kindness at Gunnersbury.

Lady Mary lived at Notting Hill, in a house which has not been identified, and from which she made long drives out to Gunnersbury and Kew; but when in town she occupied a house overlooking the Green Park. In those years the Princess of Wales resided in Carlton House, and the Princess Amelia came up to a house in Cavendish Square (corner of Harley Street), while the Duchess of Bedford lived in Southampton House, Bloomsbury, not far from the town house of Lord Mansfield. Lord Bute's residence was in Albemarle Street, and General Conway's in Soho Square.

Lady Mary was in the habit of meeting the Duke of York at Lady Harrington's, in St. James' Street. She often visited Lady Blandford at East Sheen (then called Great Whittings), in the villa which is now possessed by the Duke of Fife, and probably she sat there under the pink and red hawthorns for which Lady Blandford's garden was famous. Only a few years ago those thorns existed, planted, no doubt, by Lady Blandford, about the same time as the two pink thorn-trees now in Grosvenor Square, which tradition avers were put in by Lady Blandford, and which still make a rosy link between our age and the *beaux* and *belles* of the reign of George II. Queensberry House stood then in Burlington Gardens; and of Lady Mary's sisters, Lady Strafford lived in St. James's Square, and Lady Greenwich in Bruton Street. The latter had inherited from her mother, the eccentric Duchess Jenny, the house now called No. 16, so familiar to many of us in recent years, either during the occupation of Lord Granville, or during the briefer tenancy of the late Earl of Carnarvon. This spacious "family mansion" was the *rendezvous* of the Campbell ladies at a moment when society in general, and

the great Scottish houses in particular, were agitated by the Douglas cause.

Two features in the manners and customs of this society strike one forcibly. The first was the custom of Sunday drawing-rooms. Lady Mary constantly describes going to the royal chapel, and afterwards to the king's closet, to speak to the king and queen. Those who intended to *pay their duty* repaired to church in full court-dress. Oliver Goldsmith makes an allusion to this practice in his ballad of "Madame Blaize," and in one passage of her journal Lady Mary Coke severely criticises a lady who, not having this intention, had come to divine service in ordinary morning dress, but none the less sat in the front row, opposite to the sovereign, which her gentle critic took to be an act of disrespect. These gatherings after church swelled to the dimensions of a drawing-room, and as such they were often a serious affliction on the suffering Queen Caroline, as Lord Hervey's memoirs prove. The custom, in full force during Lady Mary Coke's palmy days, continued well into the reign of good Queen Charlotte. The Bishop of London, Dr. Beilby-Porteus, put a stop to it by asking for an interview with her Majesty, and appealing to her not thus to interfere with the proper observance of Sunday. As to Lady Mary's observances on Sunday, they were an odd mixture of respect for the day and respect for their Majesties. She saw nothing incongruous in having "her head" dressed by the *coiffeur* while the church bells rang, nor in sitting down to play loo after hearing or reading sermons.

High play for ladies is the other trait which meets us at every page of this diary. Human nature being the same now as it was then, we are not disposed to blacken the picture of eighteenth-century drawing-rooms, and to white-wash our own *fin de siècle* clubs and card-tables. Men and women gambled then, and they gamble now, and at Monte Carlo the opportunity is always there to invite the gambler, if not actually to make him. But since Lady Mary Coke's time such a change has

come over English habits that, with a few flagrant exceptions, high play is rare among women. So foreign is it to our national code of propriety that one must go into Russian society to find card-playing the absorbing pastime of gentlewomen. The death-blow to that habit was given in London by Sarah, Lady Jersey, and Lady de Gray. These two beautiful young leaders of fashion opposed the establishment of card-tables in the side-room of Almack's, and even said that they would leave should the Duchess of Leeds insist on the introduction of the tables. In this way they got rid of the habit, as well as of another equally pernicious, which had been prevalent up to their time—viz., that of inviting men to dinner without their wives. To find this custom still in force one must now go to Berlin. Here in England its abolition has worked wonders in the matter of the sobriety of gentlemen, whose fathers were often "three-bottle" drinkers, and society owes a great deal to these two beautiful women whose firmness and good taste both exacted and carried out such alterations in London. It would assuredly have been better for Lady Mary Coke if some fair reformers had arisen in her day, and, taking the law into their hands, had banished the loo table. Lady Mary never admits it, but it was generally assumed by her family that one of her reasons for going to the Continent (apart from a quarrel with Lady Harriet Vernon, an intimate friend of Princess Amelia's) was the wish to break herself of the habit of gambling. Nightly drains had actually told on her fortune, and after some very heavy losses, she thought it best to disappear from the scene of temptation, and to try for new interests under new skies.

In October, 1769, Lady Mary proceeded to the south of France, passing through Geneva, where she saw a good deal of company, and paid a visit at Ferney to Voltaire, who received her dressed in a flowered silk waistcoat and nightgown, a dark periwig without powder, slippers, and a cap on his head. She arrived at Aix, in Provence,

on November 4, and took a house there for the winter. Lady Mary's account of the climate, flowers, and barren scenery of Provence is graphic, and easily recognized by the thousands who now winter in the south of France:—

For the climate I think it Heavenly. To-day I dressed (December 26) with my windows open in a room without a fire, and as I am neither a fool nor a beggar, you may guess I am not cold. . . . Spanish jessamine is now blowing in the open air. I bought a large nosegay yesterday in the streets of carnations, violets, jessamine, and a yellow flower I don't remember to have seen in England (probably the *cassia*). I will bring home the seed of the latter with me. . . . My great disappointment is the death of the Comtesse de Vence (Ville-neuve-Vence). She died six weeks before I came, of an accident. I had set my heart upon being acquaint with her.

Later the traveller does get to know Sophie de Vence's widower:—

I think 'tis since I wrote you that the Comte de Vence made me a visit, and hearing the curiosity I had about Madame de Sévigné desired that he might show me the house which Madame de Simiane built, and where she dyed (1737), and in which are the portraits of all the Family. That of Madame de Sévigné is a very fine one, and that of Madame de Grignan is the picture of which Madame de Sévigné writes so much in her letters. Madame de Simiane must have been extremely handsome.

Her likeness, by Larguillière, certainly bears out this remark, and though at Grignan it never was the fashion to praise her much, yet as Pauline had but a small *dot*, her contemporaries probably found that she made up in beauty for what she lacked in fortune. One envies Lady Mary Coke her sight of these portraits. It was no doubt from Horace Walpole that she had first acquired her *cultus* for Madame de Sévigné's memory, and he it was who helped to bring the English traveller in Provence into acquaintance with the family of the queen of letter-writers. In a letter to Lady Ossory he mentions, not the autograph of Madame de Sévigné in his own possession, but one which he had seen in the hands of M. de Grasse (C.-J. de Grasse-Bar, mar-



ried to a cousin who was a Villeneuve on the mother's side), and adds : " I am quite ignorant whether the M. de Castellan whom I knew is living or not. He was not a descendant of Pauline (Simiane), but had married one " (Julie, third daughter). Then (in one of the Drummond-Moray letters) he writes : —

I hear you have seen Voltaire, and learned many particulars about Madame de Sévigné and the Grignans. I am ready to print all you impart. If any draughtsman grow in that part of the world, pray bring me a drawing of Grignan.

Lady Mary did better : she went herself to see it.

Monday, March 11, 1770.

*Me voici enfin dans ce magnifique château.* I have not been sensible of so much pleasure for a very long time as I was when I came in sight of this Castle, at my entrance into it, and the thoughts of passing the remainder of the day, and lodging here at night. I have walked over every room, and have already visited the apartment of Madame de Sévigné three times. The moment I arrived I inquired if there was anybody still living who remembered her, and was told there was an old *bourgeois* of 88 years of age that came often to the Castle during the time she lived here, and had seen her frequently. Upon this information I desired the Comte de Muy's Agent to desire him to come to me, if he was able to come up to the Castle ; if not, I would go to him. He arrived when I was at dinner, which I did not stay to finish, but run into the next room to meet him. He did not appear to be near so old, and his memory as perfect as it could have been fifty years ago. He told me he had seen her often, and that everybody loved her, and greatly lamented her Death. He said he remembered nothing more perfectly than the time of her dying, and that he asked why the Bells did not ring, and that they told him Madame de Grignan's in such very great affliction that the Count had ordered the Bells not to ring. She was buried the next Evening, and he was at her funeral. He went with me to the Church, and showed me where her Coffin was laid. While I was there one of the people belonging to the Church came to us, and said he was present likewise, and confirmed what the other said, with this anecdote of Madame de Grignan—that her Affliction was so great, he remembers for a long time after, whenever she came into the Church

she held her hands before her eyes that she might not see the place where her mother was buried. I am glad to have this circumstance to mention, as it does honor to her memory. She died in the Year Six, at a house of Count Grignan's near Marseilles, called Mayargues, and is there buried. . . . I am so proud of my present habitation that I am inclined to sit up all night to write letters, in order to date them from hence. I am now sitting in a great apartment, not within hearing of a human being, nor is there anybody to lie upon the same floor. There are five apartments as large as this ; numbers on the floor above, and the great Gallery mentioned in Madame de Sévigné's letters is below, even with the terrace, which is the finest I ever saw, much finer than Windsor Castle. My imagination is so totally employed about Madame de S. that I am persuaded by and by that I shall think she appears to me. Every noise I hear I expect to see the door open. . . . I must not forget to mention another anecdote much in favor of Madame de Grignan. She dyed, as I told you, in the Year Six, at a house near Marseilles, where she is buried, but ordered her heart to be carried to Grignan to be placed by her mother, and one of the Chanoines told me that six years ago they opened the Vault, and that he saw the lead coffin of Madame de Sévigné with the case which inclosed the heart of Madame de Grignan on one side of it. The Comte de Muy has promised to place a stone with an inscription over the place where Madame de Sévigné is laid. You cannot imagine with what reluctance I left Grignan. Upon a heath not far from it I gathered some cones of pines, which I shall sow on my return to England, in hopes of seeing something to remind me of that charming place.

Lady Mary's enthusiasm was so profound and so genuine, that it would be interesting to determine from which of the published sources she had drawn her knowledge of the daily life and surroundings of the charming marquise, who, like a bee, ranged from courts to garden paths—from the tables where they played *hombre*, *bassette*, and *lansquenet*, to the *prie-dieu*—from the talk of the town to the books of the closet, and whose passion of maternal love will be as lasting as the language in which it is enshrined.

There are at this moment in the Brit-

ish Museum no less than seven French editions (inclusive of Perrin's), of dates ranging from 1726 (the Hague : 2 vols.) to 1763 (Paris : 8 vols.), as well as an English translation (London : 1764, 10 vols.), which would enable amateurs of Madame de Sévigné's style and of her *siècle* to become thoroughly acquainted with the marquise, her children, and grandchildren. Great, therefore, was Lady Mary's delight when M. de Vence showed me many of Madame de Sévigné's books, with notes in them, wrote with her own hand. He told me there were remaining several letters unpublished, but which he believed would be some time hence, but that hitherto there had been reasons which had prevented the publication. I asked him what had become of Madame de Grignan's letters? He replied the greater part were destroyed by Madame de Simiane, but perhaps there might be some remaining.

When Lady Mary Coke's editor first glanced at this passage did he not smile at the thought that while Madame de Sévigné's admirers and biographers guessed, and argued from probability, the secret of the fate of the Sévigné-Grignan manuscripts was quietly reposing in a manuscript stowed away in the charter-room of a country house in Scotland? Only in 1889, and through the pages of the Marquis de Saporta's book, did French men and women get confirmation of their fears, and the assurance that Julie de Simiane had deliberately made away with the manuscripts of her mother's and grandmother's letters.<sup>1</sup> His account not only justifies Lady Mary Coke's tale, but furnishes "the reasons" which first delayed or prevented publication of a part of the manuscript, and then condemned the whole of the originals to the flames.

Madame de Sévigné died in the spring of 1696, of the small-pox, and was buried twelve hours later at Grignan. Her daughter died in 1706, but the Marquis de Grignan, living to be an extremely old man, closed his eyes in an inn in Marseilles in 1714, and thus ended a rule over Languedoc which had

lasted nearly half a century. His son, the Chevalier de Grignan, married an heiress, but left no children by her. His son-in-law, M. de Simiane, died in 1718, and then on the widowed Pauline devolved the responsibility of liquidating her father's enormous debts, and of ultimately selling Grignan, with its castle and chapel. They were purchased by the Count de Muy. Pauline had three daughters, and as much as any mother in that impecunious period which preceded the Revolution did she stand in want of money. She applied for a place at Court, but as she was *démodée* none was given to her. She sold Grignan, lived at a place called Belombre, and there, it is said, received genuine kindness from the rich and childless little *bourgeoise* who was her smart brother's wife. One of her expedients for adding to her means, and to the portions of her children, was to be a new and authorized edition of the letters of her enchanting grandmother. If the new edition was to be a good commercial speculation, it stood to reason that it must be ample and contain much new matter. Yet it must be expurgated, or it could but make life in Provence more difficult than ever for the descendants of two great ladies, both adepts in the Cartesian philosophy (which the Church disallowed), and both wielders of very witty pens. The first Lord Hatherton used to say that people who wished to live in peace must forego jokes with, or about, their country neighbors. Now that was what Madame de Sévigné and her daughter had never done, either in Brittany or in Languedoc. Thus, all the surreptitious and incomplete editions of the Sévigné letters (Troyes : 1725 ; Rouen : 1726 ; La Haye : 1726) had not only annoyed her family by the things which they omitted, but had grievously offended the country neighbors by the many piquant allusions which they contained. The very magistracy of Aix had found their *parquet* spoken of as "a den of thieves," and the ladies recognized themselves painted in their provincial best clothes, and, worst of all, found all their sensibilities dismissed with this

<sup>1</sup> La famille de Madame de Sévigné, en Provence : par le Marquis de Saporta. 1 vol. Paris (Plon) : 1889.

most true, if unpalatable, remark, that it is one of the *manières de province* to make and to keep up quarrels about trifles. The families of "the province of provinces," descendants of Crusaders, had so much self-love and so little taste in epistolary style that they positively took all this in bad part, and made Madame de Simiane smart for the over-smart sayings of her forbears. Pauline had daughters to marry, and mortgages to pay off, and a house to furnish, on a fortune of forty thousand livres. She was also of opinion that when you must sail in a ship, it is a pity to make enemies of nine-tenths of the crew. From the authorized edition all imprudent witticisms must therefore be deleted, and such a greatly enlarged and amended edition would then, she hoped, bring peace with honor, and also with lucre. But the Chevalier Perrin, the editor of the compilation on which so many hopes were built, turned out badly. Appearing to share all Pauline's scruples, and professing the greatest deference for her wishes, he really made use of her, and the papers placed in his hands, to force the doors of the best Parisian *salons*. Four volumes came out in 1734, but they contained such personalities that Pauline was assailed with louder complaints than ever. She tried to stop the further publication, but Perrin was at a safe distance, and master in many ways of the situation, since those who cannot pay are always, like the absent, in the wrong. In vain did she remonstrate and declare that she was the most unfortunate of women, one whom everything conspired to humiliate, and with whom nothing succeeded. Perrin turned a deaf ear, and worked away, on lines which suited himself, but not his employer. At last *de guerre lasse*, and fearful lest a far worse thing should ever befall her—viz., the irresponsible publication of Madame de Grignan's answers—she burnt all the originals she possessed. Thus perished the manuscripts of a correspondence that had not, and never can have, its like, whether as the history of an official family in the seventeenth century or as

a human document, a page in the history of the human heart.

There was another element at work which doomed these papers to the flames. If *historiettes* about their neighbors, and criticisms of royal and important persons, were dangerous topics, the Jansenist leanings of Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Grignan were also calculated to give very serious offence. It does not appear that they could have been offensive to Pauline de Simiane personally, for she thought *de race*. As her mother and grandmother had thought so did she. Certainly she and her daughter, Sophie de Vence, were intimate friends of that luckless Jansenist, M. Genieis, who was seized in Marseilles, and who expiated his theological errors by nearly thirty years of imprisonment. And his really were errors. In proportion as Jansenism had gained in numbers and in political bias, it had lost in intelligence and in sanity. Madame de Sévigné was herself aware of the change, for in recording the death of Nicole she spoke of him as "the last of the Romans." But little of the old leaven of culture and personal piety was left, while in many dioceses a *petite église* had assumed really formidable dimensions. Practices both grotesque and criminal had come to disgrace the records of the sect. Men saw visions, the dead were raised, miracles were worked at the tombs of favorite preachers. Vaillant and his disciples were convulsionists as well as heretics, and, in the case of the Farinists of the Dombes, lives were even lost through wildly hysterical excesses. It followed, then, that by the time that Thérèse de Simiane married M. de Castellane-Esparon, a taint of Jansenism was realized to be very much less creditable in a family than when her great-grandmother read Nicole's treatises in the woods of Les Rochers. The gentlemen of the Castellane family had Jansenism *en sainte horreur*, and tradition avers that two brothers of it had a hand in the destruction of the Grignan letters and papers which, among many other dangerous topics, must have

perpetuated the religious opinions of Marie-Françoise de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise of Sévigné, and of the governess of Languedoc.

We can but regret the *auto da fé*, and we are sure that if by any fortunate chance a copy of Lady Mary Coke's journal were to find its way into Provence, and into the hands of the Marquis de Saporta, its appearance there would give extreme pleasure. Provençals would read with interest these sketches of life in Aix at the time of the marriage of the dauphin (Louis XVI.), and they could see for themselves how deeply the so-called Augustan age in England was leavened with the literature of the age of Louis XIV. The third volume of Lady Mary Coke's journal would appear as a votive wreath laid, after nearly two hundred years, on the grave of the best of female writers, of the kind and witty woman whose family is not yet extinct in Provence, and who sleeps under the stones of Grignan.

Though Lady Mary Coke had found her winter in the south of France full of really pleasant episodes, she determined not to return to Aix. She never stated her reason to her sisters. Perhaps it had no other ground than the caprice common to rich and idle women who have the "world before them where to choose." Perhaps the death of the Duke of York at Monaco had put her out of charity with fields of jessamine and groves of orange trees; perhaps she had found the card-tables of M. de Villars, the governor of Provence, as fatally seductive as those of Princess Amelia or of Lord Hertford. At all events, she announced that, having always had a wish to meet the Empress Maria Theresa, she meant to winter next in Vienna. She might have added that in this, as in all other social matters, she was very fortunate, for she had already made in London, and at Spa, some useful acquaintances, while Catholic disabilities always kept a small contingent of the English Catholic gentry engaged in Austrian regiments. Horace Walpole sent her this valedictory letter:—

September 24, 1770.

It was a thorough mortification, dear Lady Mary, not to see your Ladyship yesterday, when you were so very good as to call. . . . My relapse was, I believe, owing to the sudden change of weather. However, it has humbled me so much that I shall readily obey your commands, and be much more careful of not catching cold again. If it is possible, I shall remove to London before you set out: if it is not, I wish you health, happiness, and amusement, and, may I say, a surfeit of travelling. I am glad you cannot go and visit the Ottoman Emperor, and I have too good an opinion of you to think you will visit the Northern Fury. If, after this journey, you will not stay at home, I protest I will have a painted oil cloth hung at your Door, with an account of your having been shown to the Emperor of Germany, and the Lord knows how many other Potentates. Well, Madam; make haste! you see how fast I grow old; I shall not be a very creditable Lover long, nor able to drag a chain that is heavier than that of your Watch. Yet while a shadow of me lasts, it will glide after you with friendly wishes, and put you in mind of the Attachment of

Your most faithful lover,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Our spirited traveller had bought Lady Holland's coach for 100*l.*, and in it she made a most triumphal progress (*viâ* Brussels), eating at great men's tables, and wearing a riding habit of green and silver, which must have become her fair hair and complexion, but on account of which she was mobbed by the unsophisticated populace of Nuremberg.

Upon the Danube.—I don't think the views are as fine as upon the Rhine, but I am yet in the Bavarian territory. Perhaps when I get into the Emperor's country they may mend. . . . October 28th.—The master of the vessel promises I shall be in Vienna by four o'clock. The abominable creature has not kept his word: 'tis seven o'clock, and he now says, though I am within half an hour of Vienna, he will not go on, and has fastened the vessel to the shore. Tuesday.—At half an hour after ten I arrived . . . this evening I have seen Lord Stormont, the British Ambassador, Lord Algernon Percy . . . and Mr. Dutens. The First Minister, Prince Kaunitz, has inquired every day for this week past whether I was come. This is doing me a

great honor; but I suppose my friend, the Princess Kinsky, may have mentioned me to the Empress.

Thus inaugurated, the stay of Lady Mary in Vienna was a sort of debauch in royal and noble acquaintances. Princess Kinsky and her sister, Princess Clary, were two daughters of the house of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, the elder and Catholic branch of the great family of Hohenzollern, now extinct, and merged in the house of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. These great ladies with Princess Coloredo, and the Countesses Thun and Pergen, formed the most distinguished members of society in the Austrian capital. The salon of Countess Thun (*née* Kaunitz) was especially delightful, but for some reason proved less congenial to Lady Mary than the Kinsky *coterie*, thanks to which fact, and to M. Duteus's gossiping, she managed to implicate herself in some of those quarrels of which the empress-queen was wont to complain, saying that in her court there were too many *enfanaises et jalousies pour des riens*.

Vienna, Sunday, November 11, 1770.

As you know my exactness, you may guess I got up early not to make the Princess Kinsky wait whatever time she called. It wanted about twenty minutes of ten o'clock when she came for me. We went first into the apartment of the Grande Maitresse, and from thence to that of the Empress. Here we stayed some time with only the Ladys belonging to the Empress. The Emperor passed through the rooms, as did the Archdukes Ferdinand and Maximilian. The door of the outward room opened, and the Empress came in. Lady Strafford saw her in great beauty, but *that* the small-pox, and a great increase of fat has deprived her of. I don't mention her age, for everybody here affirms that till she had the small-pox she was extremely handsome. She is about my height, and though very fat not at all incumbered with it; a genteel slope, holds herself extremely well, and her air the most noble I ever saw — 'tis still visible her features have been extremely fine and regular, though the swelling from the small-pox never quite gone down, and a little degree of redness remaining; more spirit and sense in her eyes than I think I ever saw, and the most

pleasing voice in speaking. This is the most exact picture that can be drawn. She was very gracious, and presented the Emperor and the Archdukes herself. The Emperor is much handsomer near than at a distance. . . . I forgot to mention the dress of the Empress. She is still in deep mourning, and intends to wear it all her life. Her own private apartment is hung with black cloth, and in the room where she sits she has the pictures of the Emperor (died 1765), and of all the children she has lost. . . . I passed this evening with Madame Harrach. The Empress had been in the morning at a Concert at some distance from Vienna. One of her Chamberlains came in and said she had been very merry and had laughed very much. Madame Harrach was quite happy to hear it, for since the Death of the Emperor, and the loss of so many of her children, the Empress had lost much of her gaiety. 'Tis incredible how much she is beloved. . . . According to my promise, I give you an account of the Court. The Princess Kinsky came for me about half an hour after six. She first coming into the room where the Empress sees the Company is a fine sight. . . . At the upper end of the room is a canopy of gold and silver stuff, under which is placed the table where the Empress plays. The Chair is of velvet. A little before seven the Imperial Family came in. I think the Empress came last. I was on the other side of the Canopy from the door she came in at: a circle was formed, but she only spoke to those who went forwards, and went no further than half way. She was then opposite the card table, which she went up to, took the cards, and gave one to the Princess Esterhazy, another to the Princess Lobkowitz, and a third to the Countess Sternberg, and with them Her Majesty sat down to the *french picket*. Having lost a game she got up. As she saw people she called them up to the table. She did me that honor. . . . I went to the Grande Maitresse, where I met my two friends the Princess Kinsky and Princess Clary; from thence at nine to Prince Kaunitz, and played at Lu, and lost 200 fish. The Princess d'Auersperg the other night lost 4,000, which is above 50 pounds English. I am referred to here for all the rules, as Lord Hertford is in England. . . . The eighteenth of every month the Empress passes in absolute retreat, as the Emperor dyed on the 18th of August, but on Friday the Emperor dines in public with all the



knights of the order of the *Toison d'or* in their robes. They say 'tis a very fine sight, but as everybody is admitted I don't think I shall go. . . . I dined to-day with Madame Seilern. One of the *dames de la Clé* dined there : they take place of everybody. I have your letter of the 4th, and one of Lady Greenwich of the 8th. By the next post I imagine we shall have some news of the meeting of the Parliament, and probably of the war with Spain, for everybody here thinks it almost certain. . . . Everything one hears and sees raises one's admiration for the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor Joseph, though so young a man, has gone through many severe trials, and in all of them has acted like an angel. The late Emperor died in his arms, he never left his first wife in her illness, but was constantly by her Bedside. Last year when he lost his little Daughter, he attended her in the same manner. When the Empress had the small-pox he remained in her room night and day, but I must stop short : if I was to tell you all I think of the Empress I should never finish.

It is certain that no contemporary memoirs (and there is no lack of them) give so finished a miniature portrait of Maria Theresa as this. We say miniature, because Lady Mary was not strong enough to *brosser*, as the French say, a really great portrait. She was too egotistical, and she lacked both the sense of humor and the imagination which are requisite to enable us to understand our neighbor's character. But she is truthful. Mr. Swinburne's account of the empress, written nine years later, after the partition of Poland, and when the empress had grown graver and more unwieldy, is absolutely on the same lines as Lady Mary's, and as such testifies to her veracity. MacCailane Mohr's daughter, though enthusiastic in her likes and dislikes, naturally looked at things more as an outsider than did Mr. Swinburne, who had a nephew in the Austrian service, and whose wife, being a Catholic, could become a recipient of the much-valued ribbon of the *croix étoilée*. Perhaps because her judgment was and remained immature, Lady Mary has penned nothing so good as Swinburne's sketch of Count Kaunitz, with his wig and his

curls, his constant want of money, his little, greedy habits, and his big, imperious temper ; but in her journal, as, indeed, in the Swinburne papers, there are not many directly political allusions to be found. In those days there was no press to popularize news, and such allusions as passed from mouth to mouth at the court were cautiously vague. Thus, Lady Mary :—

January 9. — There is something important going on at this Court, but what I can't tell you : for nothing transpires here.

From the dates, this was probably the Polish question, since the partition was effected in the following year, and the agreement between the courts of Vienna and Berlin had been practically settled at an interview between the Emperor Joseph and Frederic the Great, at Neustadt, in September, 1770. Perhaps Maria Theresa could not quite forget how in 1683, John Sobieski, by his defeat of the Turks, delivered not only the city of Vienna from its besiegers, but freed Hungary from the Ottomans. It is said that to the very close of her life her conscience was uneasy as to the partition, and it is certain that her kind heart was not quite indifferent to the feelings of the noble Poles who surrounded her. When the whole court was assembled to go into the royal chapel, and assist at the *Te Deum* to be sung for the partition, the empress went up to Madame de Salmour (*née* Lubieniski) and told her that she was excused from being present at the service. It may well be, then, that in the months that preceded this event Maria Theresa, whom Lady Mary describes as "always making a chain of red silk, which she told me is used for some kind of embroidery," found as she knotted ample food for grave meditation, whether her thoughts wandered from her skein of red silk to the position of the dauphiness in French society, or to that act which secured disquiet to the spoilers of Poland, and for the dismembered country prepared a century of plots and persecutions, of secret and of open rebellions against the most cruel of national wrongs.

We must return to the winter of 1771 :

February 1. — It has rained all night, frost and snow, and all hopes of the *Course de Traineaux* has vanished. I shall go to Madame de Harrach's this evening, and hear from her an account of the Ball. Great people always get rid of their disorders sooner than small ones : the Empress came into the Ballroom at the usual hour, looking extremely well and in very good humor, but returned to her apartment to give an audience to the French Minister. What his business was I cannot tell, but he looked rather in a bustle. The Empress came back in an hour, and the Emperor came in from the play, in appearance not in such good humor as the Empress. He went first to talk to the Princess Clary, who is one of his greatest favorites, and then went up to the Empress, with discontent in his countenance. If you are a politician, you may gather something from all this.

This is a little like the important conversation reported by "Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs," and truly Lady Mary seems more at home in a long account of the *course de traineaux* : the ladies all in velvet and fur, the gentlemen with diamonds in their hats, while from the windows of Prince Colloredo's palace she saw twenty-eight sledges, with running footmen to match. It was followed by the usual card party in the evening. Swinburne says of Princess Clary that "she lived by playing at cards," and Lady Mary, though she seems to have had no great losses herself, found her evenings pretty well occupied.

I dine to-day with the Princess Esterhazy. I had no less than four invitations for to-day. The Princess told me she had been tasting for several days together different sorts of Tokay for Lady Spencer, who had given her a commission to send some to England ; but 'tis difficult to get it good, and all extremely dear. She told me they had asked 80 ducats for a small cask (more than 12s. a bottle) — for a small cask that contains only sixty bottles. . . . I dined to-day with Madame Harrach. Her brother, who was one of the company, was a week at Holkham two months after I married. . . . Tell Lord Strafford that the Archduchess, who was just born when he was here, I have had the honor of seeing twice.

They say she is clever, and speaks her mind very freely to the Emperor. . . . The Emperor lives in great friendship with all his family, but his two favorite sisters were the Archduchess, who was contracted to the King of Naples, and who dyed of the small-pox a few days before she was to have set out, and the Dauphiness. They tell me there never was so amiable a character as that young Princess, and that if she is not spoiled at the Court of France, she will one day be a blessing to that country.

Alas ! for the prediction.

February 16, 1771. — During Lent there are French sermons preached at the Chapel in the Palace. I believe I shall go there with Princess Kinsky.

William III. having decided to leave to the court almoner the duty hitherto performed by English sovereigns of publicly feeding, clothing, and washing the feet of twelve poor men on Maunday Thursday, the ceremony, as Lady Mary Coke witnessed it at Vienna, was in every way new to her, though, by means of Sir David Wilkie's beautiful picture of the empress when on her knees before the poor, it has become familiar to later generations of English people.

I was dressed this morning at half an hour after nine o'clock to see the ceremony of the Emperor and Empress serving the poor and afterwards washing their feet. I went with the Princess Solkovsky, and she did not call till half an hour after ten. I feared we should have been too late, and the ceremony was begun, but very little of it was over. 'Twas performed in the great room where the Empress sees Company, where there are too (*sic*) tables, one for twelve old men, served by the Emperor and the Archdukes ; the other for twelve old Women, served by the Empresses and the Archduchesses, all dressed in the great dress, with the addition of a black veil. I never saw the Empress look so graceful. She charmed me more to-day than ever. All the Ladys of the Court attended in black veils also. The Empress stood opposite to the three first old women, placed all the dishes upon the table, and took them off, but with a grace that is not to be described ; her manner of holding the napkin was so genteel, I could have looked at her forever, and if you had heard her talk to those three old women you would have

been delighted. When I came up to the table she said, "One of my oldest acquaintances is not here. She was taken ill this morning in church. She had come here from the time of my Grandfather, the Emperor Leopold." She afterwards did me the honor to tell me that she was not now able to perform the rest of the function. She said her breath would not permit her, but added, "My Daughter will do it." She then said, "but you should see the Emperor perform the ceremony." The Princess Solkovsky answered that we should not be able to get through the crowd. "Yes," said the Empress, "they will make room for you." Accordingly we went to the other side, where the Emperor was serving the twelve old men; but I remarked he did not talk to them as the Empress did to the old women.

The genial manner of Maria Theresa that day was not a *pose* put on for the occasion of the royal Maundy, for one spring she got a message from a pensioner, of one hundred and three years of age, regretting that, being now bedridden, she could not come as usual to the ceremony of feet-washing on Holy Thursday. The empress drove to the cottage next morning, and entered the cottage. "I am told," she said, "that you are uneasy at not being able to come to see me. I cannot give you strength; that is only in the power of God; but I do as much as I can, and am come to see you." The poor old woman tried to get out of bed to throw herself at her sovereign's feet; but the empress restrained her, sat with her for some time, and left a purse to secure comforts for her old friend.

The Emperor asked me whether the King did not perform the same ceremony in England, and seemed surprised when I told him he did not. I returned again to the Empress, who was placing the second course upon the table. When she had taken it off the table was removed, and she sat down upon a stool. The Ladies of the Court pulled off the shoes and stockings of the old women, and one of the Chamberlains brought a great gilt dish (as in Wilkie's picture), and another held a ewer with water. The eldest Archduchess then kneeled down, washed, and kissed the feet of each old woman, going from one to the other upon her knees; for she is not to rise

till she has performed it all. When she has finished she gets up, and is presented by one of the Ladys of the Court with a ribbon to which hangs a purse, which she puts over the head of each old woman. The Emperor does the same by the men; they then all came to the Empress, who rose up and retired. She had been, at eight o'clock, in great form at one of the Churches, to receive the Sacrament.

Friday, April 5, 1771.

I have this morning received the Empress's orders to attend her at six o'clock in the evening, in her own apartment. Madame Harrach goes with me. I never saw a finer day at this time of year. I leave Vienna with regret, and dread the thought of seeing the Empress this evening. If you knew the veneration I have for her, you would not be surprised that I am hurt with the idea of taking leave. You shall know what passes when I return. If I admired the Empress before the Audience, you may guess what I do now, after having been received with a degree of graciousness and goodness far beyond my expectation; and as everything she does is accompanied with a grace peculiar to herself, I own to you I was charmed in a manner that I don't know well how to express. I have not room in this journal to tell you half that she said. It must be reserved for another. At six o'clock Madame Harrach carried me to the Palace, and we were conducted to the Empress's apartment, where one of the Ladys with the gold key mett us, and said her Majesty had somebody with her; but a page told the Lady the Empress had ordered as soon as I came that She should know: upon which Madame la Comtesse de Bertoli went to the door and scratched, upon which the door was immediately opened, the person dismissed, and I and Madame Harrach called in. The Lady then retired. The Empress said: "I did not expect you would have gone away so soon: you have stayed all the bad weather, and the climate seems to have agreed with you, for you look better than when you came." I answered Her Majesty that I left Vienna with the greatest regret, upon which she said: "You have, then, nothing to do but to return." Madame Harrach told her what I had said in the Coach—that my spirits were so low that I was afraid of crying—to which the Empress said: "I am very glad you esteem me, as you have seen the Apartment below. I will show you this;" and she had the

condescension to go with me into all the rooms, to show me every thing in them, to tell me all the pictures, and when we came into the room that had been described to me She said : " These are the pictures of all my family that are dead " — mentioned all their names, and, when she came to the Emperor's (Francis of Lorraine), She said, " Madame d'Harrach will tell you that nothing can be liker than this picture." In the same room where the Empress had made me remark the picture of the late Emperor there were pictures of her Mother and Father, . . . and in one picture three Children of the Empress, none of them seeming to be older than two or three years ; and over one of the doors the Empress showed me the picture of the Lady (the Comtesse de Fuchs) who had brought her up, and whose head she held for almost three days together when she was dying. From that room she carried me into another, where she said she did all her business ; and here *personne entre impunimen* : these were her words, and I thought it better not to translate them. From thence Her Majesty brought me into a room which She told me was the work of her Mother. It was composed of drawings cut out — small figures, etc. — placed by her according to her fancy, with japan over it. This was part of her employment during the years that she was confined to her chair. The next room was the Empresses bed-chamber, hung with grey damask, and a grey damask bed. The room is very large, and on one side a door opens to a small Chapel, which the Empress showed me. In a corner of the room on the side of the bed is an urn of porcelain, one of the finest things of the kind I ever saw. On the pedestal of the urn sits a figure weeping, and round the urn hangs a chain which is fastened to the orders of the late Emperor, and the crown and arms, etc. The Empress desired me to look at it, and this was the only time she sat down, placing herself on one side of the urn. When she thought I had sufficiently examined it, She rose up, and told me she would show me the pictures of the King and Queen of Naples. . . . The next room was gayer than any in the apartment : it was ornamented with carving and gilding, glaces, tables, etc., and all the Imperial Family's pictures that are now living. The Empress told me it was the room where they dined. When she showed me the picture of the Dauphiness She did me the honor to say, " As you are going to Paris, you'll

tell her — " I think she said that *you have been with me*, but I did not perfectly hear the last words, nor could I answer them, as I never intend to be presented at the Court of France. Her Majesty showed me a very fine commode the Dauphiness had sent her, and then said : " I will now carry you to a pair of stairs which will lead you to the apartment below," adding with great graciousness, " You'll stay to play " (there were cards that evening at Court). She then said : " If you go to Italy, or are accustomed to go to the Spa, the journey from there is inconsiderable." I told Her Majesty with great sincerity I would have taken a much longer journey to have the honor of seeing her : upon which, to my great surprise, she took me in her arms and kissed me. We then parted.

Thursday, April 11, 1771. — I was up and dressed before six o'clock, and waited till seven for the horses. The weather was fine, and the roads could not have been better. I lay at a place called Kemelbach : one post further than where the Dauphiness lay last year when the Empress and the whole Court went with her the first day's journey.

It is evident that Lady Mary's thoughts were already turning to the court of Marie Antoinette, to the beautiful young dauphiness, who was the pride of Paris and of Vienna. We are, therefore, prepared to read as follows :

On Tuesday I arrived at Paris. Thursday. — While I was dressing I was surprised by a visit from Madame de Geoffrin. . . . She is a lady that has been much talked of, and I was glad to have an opportunity of seeing her : I found her alone. Our conversation turned naturally upon Vienna : the Empress, the Princess Kinsky. I found her perfectly *au fait* of all the characters, yet, I believe, she stayed there but a short time. . . . From Madame de Geoffrin I went to my friend Madame de Rochouchouart, who, I am sure, was glad to see me. She thinks I ought to go to the Dauphiness, and said if she had not been obliged to go to the country, she would have gone with me to Versailles. She is persuaded, she said, that the Dauphiness would be very glad to see me, and there is nothing easier than going to see her in private. She admires her of all things. 'Tis certain the Empress meant me to see her ; but I shall wait a few days, as I expect the Imperial Ambassador will come to me, and perhaps

will say something upon the subject. I have not seen Madame du Chatelet; she left Paris the day after I came, and she does not intend being at the marriage of the Comte de Provence. The Affection that everybody has for the Dauphiness makes them all rejoice that the Comtesse de Provence is ugly, that she may have no chance of rivalling her. . . . Everything here with regard to Politicks is in great confusion. . . . The power of Madame de Barry increases every day; nothing can be done without her approbation. April 28th. — I have not yet fixt my day for setting out, though after I have seen the Dauphiness I have nothing to do here. April 29th. — I dined with Madame de Boufflers, who came to Paris on purpose to see me. She seems much dissatisfied with the state of affairs in this Country, but though, as she said, she was no Courtier, she could not help admiring Madame la Dauphine, and thought her a miracle for her age. She has got the King's leave to have a ball every Monday. . . . Madame de Boufflers and her daughter-in-law were often at Versailles at those Balls, where she saw a great deal of her, and she says nothing can be more amiable, lively, polite, good-humored, and a conduct so prudent that, in all the difficulties of her situation, she never commits a fault. The Dauphin admires her, and says she has more grace than he ever saw anybody have in all his life, yet, 'tis certain he has never lived with her. Within this fortnight he has been prevailed upon to sleep in her apartment, which is all that can at present be obtained. I shall be vexed if the Countess of Provence brings the first child. . . . Madame de Barry dislikes Madame la Dauphine: since which the King's affection for that pretty Princess is a little cooler, but by everybody else she is almost adored. . . . I was this evening with Madame de Villegagnon. When I came home I found a note from the Imperial Ambassador, to let me know Madame la Dauphine could see me at half an hour after 4 o'clock on Sunday, and that I must be with Madame la Comtesse de Noailles at Versailles at 4 o'clock. Sunday, May 5th. — . . . At 4 o'clock I waited upon Madame de Noailles, who received me with great politeness, talked to me about the Empress, and said she was not surprised I admired her so much, as everybody did. In half an hour we went to the Dauphiness's apartment, but she was gone to the Dauphin's. We stayed about ten minutes in her outward

room. I was then told to go in. She was so near the door, I had but just room to go in. She was dressed in her hair, with Diamonds, without a hoop, and a black cloak. She is like enough to the Family for me to have known her to be an Archduchess: the same beautiful make and grace, and, I think, a pretty face. She asked me how long I had been in France, and what time I had been in Vienna, but said nothing of the Empress, the Archduchesses, etc., which surprised me, as Madame de Noailles said to her I was charmed with the Empress, and most flattered with her goodness to me. . . . I think she said no more than I have told you, then made me a courtesy, and I retired. She has a quick way of speaking. I believe I shall set out for England on Saturday. I went in Lord Harcourt's coach with Lady Albemarle to the Review of the French and Swiss Guards. We were told the King would be there at 3 o'clock, but he did not come till 4. His Majesty the Dauphin and the Comte de Provence were on horseback. Madame la Dauphine was in one of the finest equipages I have ever seen: the Coach was red velvet and gold, the carriage all carved and gilt, eight white Horses, the Harness magnificent, with white feathers up the necks and upon the heads of the Horses. She had in the coach with her two of the Madames, and the Princesse de Lambale.

Fantastically lovely and sad is this picture of Marie Antoinette and her friend; the one so soon to exchange her titles of adoration for the nickname of "Madame D ficit;" the other fair head to bleed on a pike under her sovereign's windows.

Lady Mary Coke supped at Madame du Deffant's, the night before leaving Paris, and closed her grand tour by returning to England, and to Boughton Park. A letter of Horace Walpole's served as prologue to her wanderings; another and a more amusing one must serve here as the epilogue:—

Arlington Street, January 27, 1771.

I am extremely flattered, dear Lady Mary, by your sisters telling me that you complain of my silence. Alas! I thought, surrounded by Emperors and Empresses, you could not think of nor care for the letters of such little mortals as I. I imagined that I must write to you with all the formalities of the Aulic Chamber. I had begun an



epistle, but my words came so slow that I should not have finished before I hope you will return. By your kind reproof I trust you will allow me to descend from my Austrian buskins, and write in my usual style. I am not, nor ever can be, altered towards your Ladyship, but truth is, I feared your being become at least an Archduchess, and did not know, which would be a thousand pities, but your fair nose might have risen half an inch, and your lips, which could never mend, have dropped and pouted with prodigious dignity, at being addressed with a familiarity unknown to the House of Habsburg. I am transported with finding you still the same, and could now almost trust you with the baneful influence of the Czarina. However, pray never think of making *her* a visit too. You have travelled enough, and ought to have the Magi come to see you, instead of wandering yourself after every Star. I do not pretend, Madam, to tell you news. . . . One article rejoices me greatly, the Peace with Spain. I do not wish to conquer the world every two years. . . . What do you say at Vienna to Monsieur de Choiseul's fall, and when will your neighbor Mustapha III. be sent in chains to St. Petersburg? Is the Dauphiness breeding? or are you very angry that she is not? . . . I do not know that we have a single new book, except one or two political pamphlets that nobody reads, except the Common Council, who cannot read. Lord Huntingdon is going abroad, not, like your Ladyship, to see Kings and Queens, but because he has fewer opportunities of seeing them than he had. . . . The worst and the best news I can tell you is that you and I, Madam, have been very near losing *our* Princess (Amelia), and that she is perfectly well again. I am to play there to-morrow, but our Loo is reduced to half-crowns. You have heard, I suppose, that on account of her deafness she goes no more to Court, and is to have no more Drawing-rooms. This sketch of everything will, I hope, atone a little for my past omissions, and yet why should I expect it? You are a wanderer, Lady Mary, like Cain, and seem not to care for your own country. You would have liked it better, I believe, during the Heptarchy, when we had more Kings and Queens than there are in a pack of Cards. If you should ever write your travels, and, like Baron Polnitz, give a full account of all the gracious Sovereigns upon earth, I flatter myself you will honor the "Straw-

berry Press" with them. I promise you they shall be printed on the best "Imperial" paper. It is employed at present on the last volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, which do not deserve better than quires of foolscap. . . . I am, Madam, your Ladyship's abandoned but ever faithful and devoted knight,

HORACE WALPOLE.

But in this, as in other matters, Lady Mary took her own way. The proverb says that appetite comes with eating, and her hunger for the excitement of travel and foreign courts was heightened by a sense of pique, because at her own she was not, and never could be, recognized as the widow of the Duke of York by any one but her own very foolish self. Her feeling is apparent in this entry:—

August 1771.—I have taken leave at Court. His Majesty inquired when I intended to return, and I believe meant to be gracious, but I am not the dupe of drawing-room conversation: *everybody is equally taken notice of*: no sort of distinction of any kind.

This was really very hard, but his Majesty's consort had better luck in soothing Lady Mary. "The queen has sent her compliments to the empress. I shall let you know how they are received. Her Majesty asked me if the king had not had an amicable quarrel with me about my leaving England? These are all mighty fine things; but I fancy if I was to tell my story nobody has been worse treated than myself. . . . The Princess (Amelia) brought me home at eight o'clock." In this frame of mind Lady Mary again crossed the Channel, heard that the fêtes for the Archduke of Tuscany's wedding were to be held not in Vienna, but in Milan, and that she had time to loiter in France in fine vintage weather. The loyalty of the people of Lorraine to the emperor, and his sister the dauphiness (as representing their ancestors the Dukes of Lorraine), pleased her; but she was less pleased at the idea that on reaching Vienna, she might find the empress *in retreat* after parting with one of her sons. Matters,

however, turned out better than Lady Mary feared. She was welcomed by the English ambassador and many friends, and told to ask at once for an audience.

Friday, September 27th, 1771.

I dined at Prince Kaunitz at a Villa he has a little way out of Vienna. He has got a disorder in his eyes, which seems to distress him very much. I stayed till 6 o'clock, am now come home. . . . The price at Loo is reduced to the half it was last year; the Empress said something that made them understand if they did not keep it within bounds she should forbid it. At eleven o'clock I set out for *Schönbourne*, went into the great apartment, stopped in the gallery not knowing where to go—all the Ladys were at chapel with the Empress . . . in about a quarter of an hour one of the Ladys said I was to go into the Empress's Apartment. In the room next that hung with black she came in, the Archduchesses and Archduke Maximilian with her. I never saw her look so well, and am more charmed with her than ever. She made me forget all the length and tiresomeness of the journey, but I promise to recollect it again when I return to England that I may not wish to return again so soon. . . . "You saw the Dauphine. What do you think of her? Very lively? At least by her letters she seems to continue so, but she wears a great deal of rouge, does she not?" When I had answered all these questions, I said I had the Queen's orders to present her compliments to Her Majesty, to which she answered, "'Tis charming to employ a person that acquits themselves so well. I believe your Queen very amiable, and I know all that you have said of me;" with that she laid her hand on mine and pressed it, then turned from me, and went out of the room. It is impossible for me to convey all she said, or her tone of voice, both of which are peculiar to herself, and more captivating than can be expressed.

Just in proportion to this captivation was Lady Mary's angry dismay when she fell into disgrace with the empress; not, it may well be believed, owing to any caprice on the part of the large-hearted, capable sovereign, but because of the meddlesome folly of her English visitor. There are always jealousies at a court. The policy of the empress and that of her son were not always perfectly in agreement, though of the

imperial family itself Lady Mary remarks that

the ease and affection which seemed among them all appeared very particular to me, who came from a Country which is not so happy as to see any great harmony in the Royal Family. The Emperor, contrary to the custom in England, though excessively fond of all his Brothers and Sisters, is particularly so of the great Duke who at present is his heir (Leopold II.).

It was not, therefore, actually in the family circle that Maria Theresa suffered from jealous bickerings. Lady Mary's friends, the two princesses of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, who led Viennese society as Princess Kinsky and Countess Clary, probably first led her into mischief, and, as usual, she turned a deaf ear to pacific counsels:—

I can assure you that it is unnecessary to advise me to keep free from quarrels. I have a horror for them, and think I may venture to promise never to have one again with any mortal. With regard to everybody here, I have certainly nothing to do with them, and it would be ridiculous, as well as in all respects improper, to meddle in anything.

Meddle, however, she did, and her second visit to Vienna ended so disastrously for herself as to embitter her temper for years to come. When we reviewed Lady Louisa Stuart's account of Lady Mary's family history we had occasion to quote her humorous description of the English lady's tantrums, and her conviction that her happiness and comfort were during many years endangered by the powerful intrigues of an enemy no less great and terrible than the empress-queen Maria Theresa. It was all, as the poor lady had said, "ridiculous," and it was also sad. As she advanced in years Lady Mary was not one of those

Whose kind old hearts grow mellow,  
Whose fair old faces grow more fair,  
As point and Flanders yellow:  
Whom some old store of garnered grief,  
Their pallid temples shading,  
Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf  
With tender tints of fading.

On the contrary, this is how she struck an acquaintance about twelve years

after her loss of favor with the empress. Mr. Swinburne, meeting her at an agreeable dinner party at her sister's, Lady Betty Mackenzie, says : —

A small party — Lady Mary Coke, Dutens, William Townsend, Horace Walpole, and Poyntz . . . Lady Betty could never have been pretty, but they say Lady Mary was. They say Mr. Walpole was in love with her, but she was persuaded to marry Lord Coke, who was quite a madman, and shut her up for a long time in a cage.

By this time (1785) poor Lady Mary's trials of temper had become legendary, and so, alas ! had her beauty ; for Mr. Swinburne adds, " she is now so deadly pale, that her face is absolutely cadaverous."

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From *The Cornhill Magazine*.  
IN THE NEW FOREST.

IT is no doubt owing to the strictness with which game laws have been enforced that a sanctuary is provided for so many of our creatures that would otherwise be ruthlessly shot at by those men — butchers, we might call them — who go out from our towns for to kill and destroy something or other, they reck little what. If game should ever come to be left to itself, or to the tender mercies of the masses, it would be a sorry day for all animated nature in our land. Landowners as well as game-keepers are certainly becoming actuated more and more by enlightened views in respect of those creatures that have so long been classed as vermin. In the New Forest of late, since the keepers have been debarred from shooting all wild things — sparrow-hawks excepted — the birds and beasts have multiplied greatly.

To watch wild life, furred or feathered, one must, of course, be on foot, alone, and have a good field-glass in hand. For general purposes, however, I found a low pony-carriage — which I hired at Mudeford — a most convenient vehicle for moving about in the direction of the forest. This is worthy of mention on account of its owner and driver, who seemed to have relatives

scattered all over the district, with whom he "passed the time of day" very frequently during a morning's drive. His reminiscences, suggested at various points, were very interesting to one like myself who likes to study humans as well as birds and animals. The church he attended as a boy he showed me with much pride. Hand in hand, and two by two, he said, the schoolchildren went on Sunday ; the boys first, in smock-frocks, white trousers, and straw hats, and the girls behind, in straw bonnets, white tippets, and print frocks ; these being always an annual present from the rector or vicar. And there on Sunday the choir is still composed of boys and girls, the latter dressed alike in cottage bonnets and white tippets.

My friend had been in the police force in his younger days, and was for some time in Charles Kingsley's parish. This was in the time of the Chartist troubles, and the vicar of the adjoining parish having been mysteriously murdered, the act was ascribed to these agitators. A watch was therefore appointed at the various vicarages round, and it fell to our friend to be stationed at that of Charles Kingsley. The old man dwelt with much pleasure on the kind thoughtfulness of that Broad Churchman and muscular Christian in seeing that he always got a good supper and breakfast, saying that the vicar used himself to rouse up the cook extra early so that he might not have to leave without the latter. After all, it was found that the Chartists were innocent in the matter ; but the oddest part of the business, as the man said, was that the widow afterwards married the detective, a smart fellow who had been sent down from London to scent out the affair.

From Christchurch, as well as from Mudeford, one enters the New Forest by Hinton Admiral, passing the seat of Sir George Meyrick, whose fine estate reaches the confines of the New Forest at Forest Lodge. A wide expanse of heath and gorse, which is now one blaze of golden yellow, and later on will be purple with heather, stretches far

away on the left to Burley and Bury Wood, which owes its name to the fact of its having been the burial-place of the soldiers slain in the seventh battle of King Arthur.

There is a certain beauty of wildness and desolation still present about this region. The trees, which are of great age, have many of them attained a majestic growth. The New Forest has a peculiar charm of its own, one that consists not so much in the grandeur of individual trees, but in the masses of wood, the long, solemn aisles of trees, the groups of sombre yews contrasted with neighboring whitethorn, the sylvan glades, purple-clad hills, and long stretches of heather and gorse. And here one finds oneself in company with Dame Nature in her best and most unspoiled aspects; all is still so little changed, if, indeed, changed at all, since the times when the wolf and the wild boar ranged here. He "rattles like a boar in a holme (or holly) bush" is still a familiar saying with the forest dwellers. The turf is still cut by the squatter, in order to cure his bacon by its smoke; the charcoal burner continues to follow his avocation as in the time of the Red King. A "shade" still means an *open* piece of ground or a pool; generally it is on the top of a hill. When they say the cattle come "to shade," they mean they seek a spot where they are open to the cooling influences of water and breeze. The boys in their round smock-frocks are even yet bidden to "lout to their betters."

And through their winding courses the same streams flow as of old, licking out deep pools by the gnarled roots of oak and beech, washing over shallows of rolled and rounded pebbles; the lily and iris there still gladdening the eye, milkwort waving blue heads, wood-sorrel lifting its delicately veined cups, and wood-anemones hanging their fair heads, as they have done for centuries. You might travel far and wide and not find such another combination of all that is lovely and also grand in scenery.

Some of the oaks in Boldrewood are very large; one that is twenty-four feet in girth is covered with a lichen—

which, commonly known as the "lungs of oak," is a common local remedy for consumption. Another supposed cure for the same disease is to kill a jay, and calcine it by placing it in the embers of a peat fire. At stated times of the year this is mixed with water and drunk by the patient.

Hares' brains are supposed still to be a useful tonic for children that have come into the world before their time. Children afflicted with fits are still passed through cloven openings in ash-trees. A certain lichen again is used in a lotion for strengthening weak eyes; whilst the fat of the hedgehog is used to lubricate stiff joints. Bread baked on Good Friday, the forest folks believe, will keep good for seven years, and it will also cure certain complaints. The seventh son of a seventh son is supposed to be endowed with wonderful gifts in performing cures. This last idea is not peculiar to the New Foresters; in the midland counties it has a strong hold on the country folks. About the stoppage of blood flowing, from wounds or ruptured blood-vessels especially, there are some very peculiar beliefs in some parts, one being that the secret can only be transmitted by a man to a woman, and again by a woman to a man.

There is an amusing proverb in use here about upstarts: "A dog is made fat in two meals." A curious idea is prevalent in the forest about the death's-head moth; they believe firmly that this insect was never seen until after the execution of Charles the First.

There is scarcely a village or hamlet in the New Forest but has its pixy field or mead, or its pixy cave. That mischievous spirit, which is known under the name of "Laurence," still obtains possession of those whom "the gods wish to ruin." "Laurence has got on him," they say of one who is lazy. A tricky fairy, the forest folk believe to this day, tempts their rough native ponies to stray. Also, they say that he lives in bogs, into which he entices the unwary. "Colt pixies" such as he are termed; only the first-born may consider themselves to be free from his

spell. The caterpillar is known, as in the days of the first translation of the Bible into English, as the "palmer-worm." A woodlander talks of feeling lear-like when he is hungry, using a corruption of the word "learnes," old English for emptiness, which reminds one of the German "leer." But one might fill pages with examples showing how much nature, in "humans" as well as in wild life, has been allowed to remain as she was so many generations ago. There is a potent charm about this old-world state of things which seizes on one, and seems for a time to fill one who enters the forest precincts with a sense of rest that is soothing to both heart and brain.

The poor little shrew is considered to be a creature of ill-omen by the peasants here; yet the shrews are supposed to die instantly if they attempt to cross a road where man has been, just as a witch is judged to be incapable of crossing running water. The bite of a female shrew in young is considered most dangerous, and even if she but runs over the limb of a horse or a cow, it will, they say, cause paralysis. If this catastrophe befall a beast, the forest farmer as soon as possible drags the afflicted animal through a loop of bramble—that is, a long spray that has rooted itself, or been rooted so intentionally, at both ends. This is often done by the end of a trailing branch being trodden into the ground by the hoofs of passing cattle. Another remedy is to rub the parts affected with the branches of a shrew-ash, that is an ash-tree which has been, in many cases, planted purposely near the farmstead, into which, when the trunk is large enough, a hole is bored with an auger, and then the poor little live mouse, or shrew, is thrust into this with many senseless incantations. The hole is plugged up, and the shrew thus buried alive.

The names of the forest villages are almost unchanged, and the natives of these are many of them descendants of Cerdic, who fought at Burley about the year 495 A.D. In that notable battle five battalions were slain between sun-

rise and sunset. And these people, as I have said, use old English words such as are now never heard elsewhere.

The raven still breeds here, as he did in ages past, although there are not so many pairs of them about as the many raven-trees testify to; yet he is far from rare. Mr. Hart, of Christchurch, who has from time to time kept many of the local birds as pets for a period, and then let them go free again, had once a tame raven which, after he had restored it to its native forest, used to meet him when it heard his familiar call, and accompany him and his gun, acting as a retriever for him.

The heron, which has been long at home in Vinney Ridge, is still here—a bird so noble and picturesque-looking as she sails quietly through the air, or when resting on her nest, where she now and again raises her head in alarm as some bird of prey passes in its flight overhead, or that ominous sound of the raven's hoarse croak reaches her ear.

On some branch the common buzzard has built its nest, which is scarcely left whilst you walk underneath. The bird feeds on carrion, small birds, mice, and frogs, varied by an occasional rabbit. When well fed, a buzzard will sit for hours motionless on some commanding position from which he could readily see any approaching danger. Since so high a price has been offered for the eggs of this bird, as well as for those of the honey-buzzard, his nest, open to view as it is, suffers much when the bark-strippers are at work, and fewer of the young are reared in the New Forest than formerly.

In many an old ivy-covered ruin of some once stately tree you may see the tawny owl, a bird by popular prejudice inseparably connected with the night and doubtful deeds, yet one that is really so little annoyed by the sunlight that you will usually find him sitting on the sunny side of the tree, with his body close up against its trunk. On your approach he will draw himself up erect, and still more closely to the tree, so that his coloring harmonizes with the tones of the moss and lichen-covered bark to a degree that renders the



bird almost invisible to any but a practised eye. The lichen, by the way, is always found growing on that side of the tree that faces south—a good hint, as some one has suggested, for the guidance of any one who may lose himself in forest recesses. During March the owls nest, and during that month their weird and uncanny call might be heard in the daytime. During the nights of autumn the hooting is most heard; and many a nocturnal creature, as well as fish, is captured as the bird flies noiselessly through the air. The tawny owl is fond of his bath; you may watch him settle on a shallow, plunging and scattering the water in all directions as he goes through his ablutions. A sorry appearance he makes as he leaves the water for some old tree, on which he quickly dries himself. This species, there is no doubt, mates for life, and each year the same hole is tenanted by a pair. They commence to sit as soon as the first egg is laid, so that young birds and eggs are found in the same nest. These owls are very provident; after satisfying their wants the birds always store the remains away in their larder. One of these larders a friend examined lately contained five voles, one rat, and three blind-worms.

The long-eared owl prefers shady pine-trees, and he is more gregarious in his habits, nesting in the thick branches of pine or some squirrel-drey. At dusk he issues forth, and then woe to any small mouse that his quick ear may detect moving in the grass. His hooting may be heard by the hour as he sits on some leafless bough.

The yaffingale, yaffle, or green woodpecker is amongst the feathered creatures what the peaceful hero of labor is in his own world, a pick and climbing-hooks being all he asks for. With these he is perfectly content to work for his daily food, and, more than that, he makes the woods ring with his yiking laugh. On he plods, tapping this tree and that, and by the process of auscultation interrogates sounds, and selects for himself some rotten tree that is populated with insects. At

times he is all excitement, crest erect; his tongue, which is furnished with little barbs on the tip, covered with a slimy substance, darts into the wood, and each time it is withdrawn some insect is imprisoned on the tip. The root of the tongue, by a muscular contraction, is slid round behind the ear and into the upper mandible, so that, the tip being withdrawn into the mouth, the insect is received in the throat. The green woodpecker always ascends the tree, and he makes a new nesting-hole each season, the old one being generally taken possession of by some species of tit. Two other woodpeckers frequent the forest, but they are more local—the little and the greater spotted woodpeckers. Unlike their more common relative, the latter of these two species uses some decayed branch for nesting purposes, enlarging a natural cavity till it pleases him.

The wryneck, which takes its name from the singular habit it has of twisting its neck about from side to side—"weet-bird" the country folks call it, on account of its cry—is a very common bird. For hours together in the early morning it can be heard calling, as it sits crosswise on some upper branch of a tree. On another tree a little creature that looks at first sight like a mouse rather than a bird is moving upwards, downwards, and sideways with equally agile motions, searching for insects. After he has found some suitable hole in a branch of a tree—and sometimes a hole in a wall is chosen for the purpose—he builds his nest and blocks up the entrance to it by skilful bird-masonry, using small stones and clay. Only a small aperture for ingress and egress is left. As the name implies, he is very fond of nuts, and frequents hazel and beech woods, where, after picking from amongst the fallen leaves some nut, he carries it to a lateral branch, and resting the nut between the grooves of the bark, hammers at it until the shell splits and the kernel can be secured.

Jays and magpies are here in goodly numbers, the latter selecting some thorn or holm (holly) bush wherein to

build its nest, one that has a thick and tangled mass at the base, as they know that from below, only, danger can come; the nest is so domed above with a canopy of thorns that all intruders are surely excluded from that quarter. Both jays and magpies have suffered much at the hands of keepers, yet the magpie especially renders good service in devouring much small deer that is hurtful to man's interests.

A very common visitor to the gorse districts is the grasshopper warbler. A skulking little bird he is, and only if one is able to get up with the sun is one likely to catch a glimpse of him as he reels out his monotonous song, sitting on the top of some bush.

Skylarks and woodlarks are found in the forest. "Lulu," our neighbors across the Continent call the latter bird, a name which is suggestive of its song, which it utters as it ascends from a branch, hovers in the air, and descends again.

The woodcutter at his work is a welcome friend in the most remote parts to the cheery robin. He hastens to greet him in the early morning, and remains near him, enjoying some crumbs from his meal, and hopping about as though he would let the laborer feel that some creature is interested in him and his lonely work in the forest.

Woodcutters' wives, at any rate, do not always appreciate the beauty of their forest homes. I was talking to one of these lately, and expressing my delight in her surroundings. "I've hed enough on it," she replied, "eighteen years; 'tis desprit lonesome. Past them ugly trees is the road, but you'll surely lose your way comin' back if ye don't mark crosses with your stick as ye go." "Them ugly trees" were great Scotch firs, the red stems glowing in the sunlight. They were too sombre and not clothed enough probably to suit the untrained rustic mind.

Another friend of man, and of God Almighty, according to the well-known saw, is the cutty or wren, which is abundant here. This little troglodyte apparently makes a nest for himself,

besides that for his wife and family; such a one is called a cock's nest, and to it the shrewd little fellow is supposed to retire to spend a quiet night by himself, near enough, however, to his family to supervise them. During the winter the wrens flock to man's dwelling-place, to congregate there in holes, especially in the thatch of cottages. As many as fifteen have been found huddled up in one place on the lee side of a cottage.

Leaving the more wooded districts — where numbers of thrushes and black-birds are making the woods ring with the swelling cadence of song, and where the rich, wild notes of the nightingale, the notes of sedge and reed warblers, the cooing of the ring-dove, the crow of the pheasant, the churr of the churn-owl or night-jar, the distant croak of the corn-crake, all add a charm in their different hours — you pass to the open plains and valleys or bottoms, as they are termed. Around the ponds and through the water-courses innumerable footprints of the snipe can be seen, and the male bird may be heard, as he swoops downwards with half-closed wings, the air vibrating through the feathers causing that curious noise, heard especially towards evening and in the breeding season — "bleating" the rustics term it.

In mock battle the woodcock often disport themselves during the pleasant, mild evenings, tilting one another with ruffled plumage; but just now they are more sedate, having in most cases young with them. A mere depression in the ground serves as a nest; the fallen fern leaves around quite hide them from view. They will not leave the nest until you are within a foot or so of it, and then they may rescue a little one from danger by claspings it between the legs and bearing it away to safety. They will, of course, carry their young in this fashion also to water, as the nest is usually on dry moorland, to be out of danger from their commoner foes.

Another, but a more wary bird, nests here — that is the curlew, for, although associated so much with the seacoast,

it is an inland breeder, and resorts to a heathy plain, where the four large eggs are laid under the shelter of some furze bush or tuft of grass. The curlew is ever on the watch for enemies, quickly greeting the intruder with his clear note of *ker-lee*, a warning cry which is taken notice of by all birds. They feed by the dark, peaty pools on insects and their larvæ.

To the same forest ponds the teal will return year after year, nesting generally at some distance from them. When the little ones are hatched out the parents lead them to the reed-fringed pool. Few sights are prettier than these beautiful little ducks, with the tender solicitude of the old birds for the safety of their young.

Many a fleet of duck can be seen on the ponds and lakes. These also nest amongst the gorse and heather, at times most curious sites being chosen. One Mr. Hart found was on the top of a hayrick; he was not able to see a sight which would have been very interesting, that of the parent bringing the fluffy little birds down from that height of nine feet. The mallards take no part in caring for the young, they keep by themselves in small companies; during the summer the drakes assume a dress similar to that of the ducks, only a little darker.

The blackcock is almost the only bird here belonging to the past. So scarce is he now that only rarely can you catch a glimpse of him, whilst he feeds on the berries of the mountain ash.

There is an indescribable charm about this varied scenery of wood and moor, which perhaps gives more pleasure than any other that I know. The eye delights itself in gazing on the large, massive oaks, the tall, shapely beech stems, covered with lichen; the sea of waving bracken or the flowing cotton-grass. Gentle undulations covered with heather are here broken by plains of greenest turf, over which is borne on the breeze the distant neighing of forest cattle, or the sound of the hurried flight of the wood-dove. And we sit and watch the shadows lengthen, and the haze of evening creep on,

while the sun sinks beyond yonder Purbeck Hills, after flooding all things with a golden light that fills us with vague, mysterious presentiments of some coming morning of promise.

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From *The Argosy*.

AN OLD FRENCH MEDICINE-WOMAN.

BY MARY NEGREPONTE.

MÈRE GALIPAUX lived at Montmartre, in a narrow little alley whose cobble pavement harbored chinks in which the grass grew, and in which were rat-holes tenanted by numbers of the wiry and fierce little creatures.

She had a finer view from her top-story garret than the great M. Carnot himself from his *Elysée*, for she could distinguish the round, ruddy-gold dome of the Invalides, and the smaller, duskier one of the *Panthéon*, the irregular Corinthian and Doric towers of St. Sulpice, the delicate spire of *Sainte Chapelle*, and innumerable other steeples; all emerging from the chaos of brown structures which constitute modern Paris; and athwart which lay the broad, grey *Seine*, like a sinuous, *moiré* sash-ribbon thrown carelessly between the bricks and mortar.

Not that Mère Galipaux took much interest in the wide and beautiful vista dominated by the Butte Montmartre, whereon she had her domicile.

In fact, she very rarely walked beyond the ancient and well-defined limits of the Mons Martis.

On *fête* days, such as the *Toussaint*, *Pentecost*, *Shrove Tuesday*, etc., she would attire herself in her coal-scuttle bonnet and Indian shawl—modes of 1840 to which she adhered—and perhaps, leaning on the arm of a grandson, stroll as far as *Clichy*, or even the neighborhood of the *Madeleine*; but these occasions were rare. She contented herself, as a rule, with regular attendance at St. Pierre on the Sabbath, and, later on in the day would watch from her window the procession of worshippers who climb the Calvary to lay their votive offerings on the shrine of the *Mater Dolorosa*.

During week days the Mère Galipaux was far too busily occupied to be able to concern herself with the doings and religious observances of her neighbors. She was what is popularly known as a *medicîne-woman*—that is, she understood the elementary, homœopathic treatment of great or little ailments, to which she added a certain curious manual dexterity and diagnostic clairvoyance which many a certificated physician might have envied. She had been bred in Auvergne, and there was not a herb that grew on the mountains of that province with which she was unfamiliar, and whose properties she had not learned early to know and employ for medicinal and curative purposes. Her father, a prosperous peasant proprietor, owned a fair acreage of land and numerous live-stock; and it was well known in the village that Père Driant had no need to call in the veterinary when la Roussotte (his cow) had the “staggers,” and his Norman cart-horse had gone lame, or his spaniel and retriever were seized with any canine complaint, so successfully were they treated and so rapidly cured by his daughter. In the same way she set the villagers’ broken limbs, and bandaged their deep scythe and sickle cuts, until her reputation spread far and wide, and people came from miles round the country-side to consult her upon their ailments.

When she married the local chemist’s apprentice, and went to live in Paris, no one was surprised; but the older villagers said, with that mixture of shrewdness and simplicity which characterizes the Auvergnat, “Elle fera fortune, la Galipaux à Paris, bien schur.” And so it fell out; for Aline’s husband barely raised sufficient to keep the wolf from the door; and his wife added to their scanty income by practising her “profession” among the colony of Auvergnats settled in Paris; and long ere the young couple’s sons grew to manhood, and Galipaux had become head assistant at a first-class chemist’s, she had amassed a goodly sum, which, invested in consolides, brought her in nearly forty pounds a year; and she

was known among the poorer classes throughout the length and breadth of the city as “La doctoresse de la Butte Montmartre.”

There was no false pride about la Mère Galipaux. Pup or canary, child or cart-horse, she prescribed for with the same remedies and the same tranquil nonchalance, which was not indifference and not affectation, although it appeared to partake of both, but was simply an involuntary homage to her own remarkable powers and resourceful judgment. At seventy-five she was a tall, big-boned woman, with keen, practical, grey eyes, above which stretched an immense breadth of forehead. She had a great, arched nose, firmly closed lips, and long, sinewy hands, supple as indiarubber, which latter could be bent back from the wrist almost level with the arm. She had a forbidding manner, assumed to hide a more than womanly tenderness of heart, for none of her own condition, or of the lowest order in Paris, ever appealed to her in vain.

She had made one or two rules for her own observance. Firstly, never to take money for attendance on cabmen in the slack summer months, or for treatment of cab-horses throughout the year; secondly, never to treat members of the higher and moneyed classes; thirdly, to avoid meetings with the medical profession upon all occasions; fourthly, to act fairly and charitably towards such of the sick poor as came in her way. And these rules she kept.

But woe betide the people with *bobos* (slight ailments) who hied to her consulting-attic; these were received with scant courtesy, and sent speedily to the right-about.

Mère Galipaux deprecated the indiscriminate use of drugs, and thereby unconsciously paraphrasing the dictum of one of the great physicians of the beginning of the century, she would remark in her laconic, incisive way, “Laissez agir la nature, v’là notre devoir; elle schait plus long que nous, et parbleu, quand elle a dit son dernier mot ce ne sont pas nos drogues et nos tisanes qui guériront le malade.”

So much for theory; but in case of emergencies, Mère Galipaux's walls were lined with a regiment of bottles of all shapes and sizes, containing cordials, simples, and extracts of her own wonderful herbal infusions and decoctions. For distilling purposes she possessed a conical apparatus which resembled the alembics used in the Middle Ages by alchemists and other votaries of the black art. Above this triple row of flasks hung bundles of dried aromatic plants which once were fragrant and feathery on the lower slopes of the Puy-de-Dôme, and which even still, though dead, contrived to impregnate the atmosphere with a piquant and not unpleasant odor. Surgical books and pamphlets lay upon the stained deal table, showing that the *doctoresse*, as much as her daily occupations permitted, took an interest in the progress of that science 'neath whose banner she marched, though she had no pretensions to be anything but a medical free-lance. And the worthy dame, when not engaged in binding Mère Perrin's *matou's* left ear, which had been almost torn off by rival Toms on his last nocturnal promenade, or in setting the broken leg of Petit Poucet, the baker's errand boy's poodle, or in squirting soothing mixture into the inflamed orb of some Paris street *gamin*, or in distilling and experimenting, would always be seen with a book on her knee.

Her husband had left her in flourishing circumstances, and since his death she continued to live on in the same old rooms she had occupied on coming to live in Paris forty years previously, and nothing would induce her to replace the old furniture by newer and less threadbare chairs, tables, and cupboards. The carved oaken clock she had brought with her from Auvergne, ticked pompously from its corner, just as it had done when it was placed in her great-grandfather's kitchen one hundred and seventy years ago.

Mère Galipaux was a member of the Paris branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and had even drawn up a petition requesting the president to interfere on behalf

of the Montmartre rats, which were pitilessly hunted and destroyed by the inhabitants of the quarter; but of course the appeal was set down as quixotic, and the army of rodents continued to die lingering deaths in gins, as if no measures had been taken by their protectress for their deliverance.

The steep little alley where Mère Galipaux lived was the happy hunting-ground for the whiskered fraternity of Montmartre. They grew and multiplied in the big sewer underneath the street level; they danced mazurkas on the uneven cobbles, and darted between the *sabots* of the working folk when they returned from shop and factory at twilight; they climbed through the partitions of the old houses which had been built in the reign of Henri IV., and made the usual havoc in loaves and cheeses; their weird, shrill cries awoke the soundest sleepers at night-time, and even Bishop Hatto in his castle was not more surrounded by them than were the inhabitants of the Rue de la ferronnerie, Montmartre. And Mère Galipaux alone, of all her fellows, tolerated and cared for the strange, destructive little creatures. She waged a silent war on her neighbors anent the rats, for, through close vigilance, she knew the whereabouts of every gutter-trap and poison-dish, and after dark would light her lantern, and, armed with a few bandages and surgical appliances, hie on her unsuspected errand in the streets. Uninjured rodents she set at liberty; those who were already in the convulsive throes she humanely despatched. She rinsed away the death-conveying messes in the cracked dishes and flower-pots, and for these substituted harmless ingredients of a similar appearance. She then placed food remnants in the holes between the paving-stones, and rats that were slightly hurt she carried to her attic and saw to their wounds till they were cured.

Not a living soul in the neighborhood knew of this remarkable crusade. Life had taught Mère Galipaux a lesson which some folks find so hard to learn, and that was to keep her own counsel;



she had forbidden the members of her family to visit her of an evening; and as, owing to her immense gifts and masculine strength of character, her authority was almost patriarchal, none dared to disobey her in the matter.

The old medicine-woman was no respecter of persons, or rather, of the privileged among the animal species. She did not see why there should be one rule for the spirited race-horse, and another for the costermonger's donkey; nor why white mice should be tended and coddled by children in wicker cages, and their cousins the field-mice cruelly exterminated. For her there were no grades in the divine order of life, whose dim beginnings in the creeping things and batrachia seem so repulsive to frivolous natures. She belonged to the race of healers in her humble way, as surely as Hippocrates, Claude Bernard, and Jenner did in theirs; and even as these great men would have imperilled their lives on all

occasions in the cause of humanity, so la Mère Galipaux would have sojourned in plague-stricken places and fever haunts if, thereby, she could have lessened, by one iota, the distressing total of diseases and ills that menace her fellow-creatures throughout the natural term of their lives.

Perhaps on that account, when she died, the crowd of mourners who followed her to her tomb was so great that the traffic in the Boulevard Clichy was temporarily suspended, and the great deserted Montmartre Cemetery was populous for the space of half an hour. Had la Mère Galipaux been the dean of the Academy of Medicine, she could not have received a warmer tribute to her memory than this spontaneous popular testimony, more eloquent in its undemonstrative fervor than the most polished funeral sermon preached by a fashionable deacon, or a volley of guns fired over her grave.

**THE WORK OF DISINFECTION IN LONDON.**—From a return just prepared by the medical officer of health of the London Council, it appears that sixteen sanitary authorities have provided themselves with disinfecting apparatus, in which disinfection is effected by steam; fourteen authorities possess apparatus in which disinfection is effected by dry heat; and eleven authorities have arranged with a contractor by whom steam is used. It is hoped dry heat apparatus will soon be entirely superseded by steam apparatus. The arrangements with a contractor to disinfect are not quite satisfactory, on the ground that this duty should not be in other hands than those who are responsible for the prevention of disease. It would be a good thing and more economical, the medical officer shows, if districts were to combine in the manner provided by the Public Health (London) Act, and find suitable sites for the erection of disinfecting apparatus in central districts of London. Section 60 of the Public Health (London) Act requires a temporary shelter

to be provided free of charge by every sanitary authority for housing those who are compelled to leave their homes whilst the process of disinfection is going on. So far this provision has not been carried out in every district; in fact, by only thirteen out of the forty sanitary authorities. What accommodation has been provided is open to improvement; in a few instances only is the accommodation provided for use by night as well as by day. Shelter by night, however, must be provided for in all cases, as the time occupied in the purification of the room—often the only room of the family—extends to many hours. Provision for baths to be used by those coming from infected houses should also be ensured. It is said that so far poor people are unwilling to use the accommodation thus provided, but when they find it really meets their convenience this is not likely to continue. But the shelters must be made reasonably attractive, or objections to them will never be overcome.

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